IMPEACHMENT, PRO AND CON
Elizabeth Holtzman and Sanford Levinson

BOMBAY CONFIDENTIAL
Carl Bromley

The Nation.

THE WAY DOWN SOUTH

A populist route to Democratic revival

by BOB MOSER

EBRUARY 12, 2007
w.thenation.com

#BXNKBXM **********AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 TW

FEB 08 10
RON K UNZ USPA
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704 P0013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

GERALD FORD & THE SOUL TRAIN

Lowell, Mich.

■ Attention Alexander Cockburn: Don't be crediting Karl Rove for the postal holiday for Gerald Ford ["Beat the Devil," Jan. 22]. I've gotten a day off from being a postal clerk three times over the years (for Nixon, Reagan and now Ford). I'm surprised that we still get them, but I'm certainly not lobbying Congress to end it. There are two ex-Presidents in their 80s who may give me some days off before I retire. The real worry is which soul superstar is going to go when an ex-President goes. We lost Ray Charles with Reagan and James Brown with Ford. I don't want to lose Chuck Berry or Little Richard just yet. BOB LEEMAN

TROOPS WHO SAY NO TO THE WAR

Phoenix

■ Marc Cooper's "About Face: The Growing Antiwar Movement in the Military" [Jan. 8/15] recognizes a growing resistance within the military to America's never-ending wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, a resistance largely ignored by the mainstream media. Invoking "the troops" is a handy mantra for stifling debate about the war by insisting that we betray our soldiers if we question their mission.

Jonathan Hutto and other signers of the Appeal for Redress courageously remind us that they are already betrayed by their Commander in Chief. Cooper rightly notes the risks these servicemen and -women take in signing the Appeal, risks that no doubt keep others from speaking out against the war. We have a very diverse military, made up of many who do question their mission.

About Face is also the title of a radio program sponsored by the Phoenix Veterans for Peace (veteransforpeacephoenix.org) on KPHX-AM Sundays at 1 PM EST (aaphx.com). *About Face* is a live call-in program that addresses issues such as post-traumatic stress, inadequate VA funding and homelessness that confront service members, veterans and their families. The program hosts are all Vietnam combat veterans; guests include a wide range of local and national peace activists, veterans' advocates and topical experts. We are looking for sponsors to keep the show on the air. We can continue for a few more weeks, but it's getting tight.

Jonathan Hutto and several of his colleagues were on the January 14 program to talk about the Appeal for Redress and related events since Cooper's article came out. A longer prerecorded version of the program aired on the Progressive Radio Network (progressiveradionetwork.org) on Saturday, January 20.

MARK FLEMING, *co-host,* About Face

G.I. MOM

Youngsville, Pa.

■ I find your publication very informative, unlike many mainstream sources. Your letters from military families ["Letters," Oct. 16; Nov. 27] rang true. My son has enlisted and has reenlisted. Our stretched Army and Marines have a hard time finding "suitable volunteers," I guess. Maybe it's due to the following: My son arrived in Iraq for an eight-month peacekeeping mission, which turned into a nearly fourteen-month ordeal. I would hear that he would be home soon, but months went by—and another and another. It is very agonizing waiting, hoping they will be healthy and safe.

Let's hope those running this war, and those reaping the profits, listen to people who actually have to fight it, and their families, and take into account the deaths and injuries—which continue to mount. BARBARA H.K. TRAVIS

TORTURE IN ART

Chicago

■ I'm always pleased to see Arthur C. Danto's name in your pages and was enjoying his review of Botero's grisly but affecting work on Abu Ghraib ["The Body in Pain," Nov. 27] until, toward the end, I was surprised to realize that Danto was going to finish without referring readers to the paintings of the great American artist Leon Golub. Golub's huge canvases depicting death squads, interrogations and mercenaries, most done in the last quarter of the twentieth century, in some instances predict many of the details in the horrific photos from Abu Ghraib, giving the lie to our leaders' protests that we don't believe in torture. Botero focuses on the pain of the victim, Golub on the pleasure or indifference of the victimizer. As Golub was fond of repeating, "We have met the enemy, and it is us." JERRY BLUMENTHAL

DANTO REPLIES

New York City

■ One of my earliest pieces in *The Nation* was devoted to Leon Golub's paintings of mercenaries, many of which represented torturers in some presumably Third World country, interrogating hooded victims, naked and helplessly bound. They were great paintings, in my view Golub's masterpieces, and incidentally among the first scenes in high art of torture since the Counter-Reformation, when graphic depictions of martyrdom became an important genre. The torturers themselves were, as the title entails, soldiers of fortune, of no identifiable nationality, who were clearly relishing their labor. In political truth, American "advisers" were involved in the practices, but Golub's was a protest against the inhumanity of the dirty wars of modern times. The interrogators were generic.

For this reason, I did not mention him in my review of Fernando Botero's Abu Ghraib paintings, in which it was common knowledge that the perpetrators were American military personnel, possibly enacting official policy. In interviews, Botero explained that he was not anti-American; that he'd done the paintings because he had always regarded America as embodying the values of freedom and human rights. They were intended to hold the mirror up to our betrayal of these great virtues. Golub's paintings were a cry of despair at a universal inhumanity. Botero's were a lament that America was, after all, no exception.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

MOMMY WAS A COMMIE

New York City

■ Regarding "Decca: Still Raising a Ruckus" ["Exchange," Jan. 22]: Jessica Mitford was not an ideologue (she did not do well with endless theoretical discussions); she was an activist who left the world of privilege at the age of 17. This was a woman who chose to alter her life irrevocably to fight the Fascists in Spain and Germany, to support the US government during World War II in battling war profiteering, to work for the Civil Rights Congress in the struggle against police brutality in Oakland and Mississippi, to engage in campaigns large and small against hypocrisy, prejudice and segregation every place she encountered them. She was above all an investigative journalist. She allied herself with each progressive youth movement that came across her path: the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Free Speech Movement, the Black Panther Party. *Nation* readers should rush out and get a copy of *Decca: The Letters of Jessica Mitford* to meet the witty, courageous, irreverent, infuriating Decca.

CONSTANCIA DINKY (DONK) ROMILLY

New York City

■ Your reviewer discovers proof of Decca's innate snobbery and chauvinism when "a 1959 letter declares that you can tell that Germans, like Southerners, are bad by 'the backs of their necks.'" Well, I was there (south of France, age 11). Here's the actual story as told in *Decca*:

> Germans abound here, I'm sorry to say. The Fr. say they got a taste for French cooking during the Occupation: whatever the cause, there are too many for my liking. There was a large group of them, guzzling champagne, at the 3-star place in Baux, middle-aged fatsoes,

(Continued on Page 22)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED JANUARY 24

IN THIS ISSUE

VOLUME 284, NUMBER 6

2 **LETTERS**

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

3 SHOWING BUSH THE WAY

4 PUSHING THE IRAQ DEBATE
John Nichols

5 TAKING LIBERTIES
Hiding the Ball
David Cole

6 ONLY WORDS
Christopher Hayes

8 THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE
Walter Mosley

9 ISOLATED
Robert Grossman

COLUMNS

6 DEADLINE POET
After Tuning In to the Sunday Talk Shows to See What the Sabbath Gasbags Have to Say
Calvin Trillin

10 THE LIBERAL MEDIA
Kristolizing the (Neoconservative) Moment
Eric Alterman

ARTICLES

11 THE WAY DOWN SOUTH
A populist route to Democratic revival.
Bob Moser

20 IMPEACHMENT:
THE CASE IN FAVOR
New revelations provide stronger grounds.
Elizabeth Holtzman

21 IMPEACHMENT:
THE CASE AGAINST
It's pointless to try. We need an alternative.
Sanford Levinson

BOOKS & THE ARTS

23 CHANDRA: Sacred Games
Carl Bromley

28 AMIS: House of Meetings
Daniel Swift

32 EHRENREICH: Dancing in the Streets: A History of Collective Joy
Terry Eagleton

34 FILMS
China Blue
Stuart Klawans

Cover by Gene Case & Stephen Kling/Avenging Angels; illustrations by Christoph Niemann and Janna Brower

EDITORIALS

Showing Bush the Way

The President was a shadow of his former self, and his limp manner induced visible drowsiness in the audience. He did not make any of those cocky sideways smiles after delivering a zinger. In fact, he did not have any zingers to deliver. George W. Bush's State of the Union address was a tired lunge backward toward the amiable, compassionate, cooperative leader he once claimed to be. Too late. Nobody believes him anymore. A stale performance does not make him more convincing.

Democrats, on the other hand, were well behaved, reflecting more maturity than Republicans displayed twelve years ago when they became the Congressional majority. The Democrats rose decorously again and again—needlessly often it seemed at times—in the ritual of standing ovations.

They did not boo when Bush offered a less bellicose plea for his war strategy in Iraq. (Instead, within twenty-four hours, the Democrats pushed through the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a nonbinding resolution calling Bush's plans to increase troop strength in Iraq "not in the national interest.") Nor did the Dems hoot derisively when Bush announced his new interest in solving the healthcare crisis (his plan is a nonstarter—taxing people with good health insurance to pay for those who lack any). Democrats did not cheer with mocking enthusiasm when Bush promised a balanced federal budget by 2012. Or when he referred to the 20 percent reduction in gasoline consumption he foresees in 2017.

These and other advance-dated Bush promises simply reminded listeners that, by golly, George W. Bush will be long gone by then. That was the only good news in his speech. Unfortunately, he is not gone yet. His presidency is in ruin, but Bush remains in power and still quite dangerous to the Republic.

Yet, after Bush finished, a remarkable thing occurred. Americans got a refreshing glimpse of the possible state of the union that lies ahead for the country. A newly elected senator, Jim Webb of Virginia, delivered the Democratic Party's response, and his message left the President in a tepid pool on the floor. (For another glimpse of a more promising future, read Bob Moser's "The Way Down South," on page 11, on how Democrats can start winning in Dixie.)

Webb was direct, substantive and beckoning—naming the true conditions that afflict the nation now and promising only that his party intends to confront them. The destructive inequalities embedded in our supposedly healthy economy, Webb said, remind him of the age of robber barons a century ago when a Republican President, Teddy Roosevelt, bravely challenged corporate influence and irresponsible wealth. The war in Iraq recalls the bloody stalemate of the Korean War in 1952, when another Republican President, Dwight Eisenhower, had the courage to end it. Webb suggested that this President needs to find similar courage now. "If he does, we will join him. If he does not, we will be showing him the way."

The force and clarity of Webb's thinking—including the need to restore New Orleans, a subject Bush didn't even mention—provided a devastating contrast with the President's soggy focus. Senator Webb, in fact, is more advanced than many fellow Democrats on the seminal issues of economic injustice and our deformed foreign policy. Indeed, some Democrats remain closely aligned with the very interests Webb wants to confront. But it speaks well for party leaders that the senator was given this national pulpit to speak so bluntly on behalf of Democrats.

"A star was born," PBS commentator Mark Shields remarked after Webb's performance. We agree. We hope further that a new kind of gutsy, smart, reform-minded Democratic Party is being born as well.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

The Nation.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: Katrina vanden Heuvel

PRESIDENT: Teresa Stack

MANAGING EDITOR: Karen Rothmyer
LITERARY EDITOR: Adam Shatz
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Betsy Reed
SENIOR EDITORS: Richard Lingeman (*on leave*), Roane Carey, Esther Kaplan
WEB EDITOR: Joan Connell
COPY EDITOR: Judith Long
ASSISTANT COPY EDITOR: Mark Sorkin
COPY ASSOCIATE: Lisa Vandepaer
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: Peggy Suttle
ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR: Christine Smallwood
INTERNS: Molly Bennet, Michelle Chandra, Stephanie Condon (*Washington*), Michael Corcoran, Emily Douglas, Wes Enzinna, Rob Fischer, Elizabeth Schuster, Rebecca Tinkelman

WASHINGTON, DC: EDITOR: David Corn; CORRESPONDENT: John Nichols

NATIONAL AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT: William Greider

COLUMNISTS: Eric Alterman, Alexander Cockburn, Naomi Klein (*on leave*), Katha Pollitt, Patricia J. Williams, Gary Younge

DEPARTMENTS: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Environment*, Mark Hertsgaard; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Legal Affairs*, David Cole; *Peace and Disarmament*, Jonathan Schell; *Poetry*, John Palattella; *United Nations*, Ian Williams; *Deadline Poet*, Calvin Trillin

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Kai Bird, Robert L. Borosage, Stephen F. Cohen, Marc Cooper, Mike Davis, Slavenka Drakulić, Robert Dreyfuss, Susan Faludi, Liza Featherstone, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, John Leonard, Michael Moore, Richard Pollak, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Robert Scheer, Herman Schwartz, Bruce Shapiro, Ted Solotaroff, Edward Sorel, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener, Amy Wilentz, Art Winslow

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Ari Berman (*Washington*), Lakshmi Chaudhry, Christopher Hayes, Bob Moser, Eyal Press, Scott Sherman

BUREAUS: *London*, Maria Margaronis and D.D. Guttenplan; *Southern Africa*, Mark Gevisser

EDITORIAL BOARD: Deepak Bhargava, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Eric Foner, Philip Green, Lani Guinier, Tom Hayden, Randall Kennedy, Tony Kushner, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Victor Navasky, Richard Parker, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, David Weir, Roger Wilkins

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, SPECIAL PROJECTS/WEBSITE: Peter Rothberg
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, DEVELOPMENT/ASSOCIATES: Peggy Randall
VICE PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING: Ellen Bollinger
ADVERTISING MANAGER, SMALL DISPLAY, EVENTS, CLASSIFIED: Leigh Novog
VICE PRESIDENT, CIRCULATION: Arthur Stupar
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Michelle O'Keefe
CIRCULATION FULFILLMENT MANAGER: Miriam Camp
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Omar Rubio
TYPOGRAPHER/WEB PRODUCER: Sandy McCroskey
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Timothy Don
NATION ASSOCIATES MANAGER: Peter Fifield
PUBLICITY/SYNDICATION DIRECTOR: Mike Webb
EDUCATION/COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR: Habiba Alcindor
VICE PRESIDENT, WEB SITE AND TECHNOLOGY: Scott Klein
TECHNOLOGY COORDINATOR: Amiri K. Barksdale
WEB PRODUCER: Jason Das
CONTROLLER: Mary van Valkenburg
ASSISTANT TO VICTOR NAVASKY: Mary Taylor Schilling
DATA ENTRY/MAIL COORDINATOR: John Holtz
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT: Kathleen Thomas
BUSINESS ASSISTANT: Joliange Wright

PUBLISHER EMERITUS: Victor Navasky

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: E-mail to letters@thenation.com (300-word limit). Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.
SUBMISSIONS: Queries only, no manuscripts. Go to www.thenation.com and click on "about," then "submissions" for a query form. Queries may be mailed to The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. SASE for poems.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the second week in January, and biweekly the third week of July through the second week of September) by The Nation Company, L.P. © 2007 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, L.P., 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. (212) 209-5400. Washington Bureau: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149, or call 1-800-333-8536. Publications Mail Agreement No: 40041477. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to Circulation Dept. or DPGM, 4960-2 Walker Road, Windsor, ON N9A 6J3. **When ordering a subscription, please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Basic annual subscription price: $52 for 47 issues. Back issues $4 prepaid ($6 foreign) from: The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149. Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper.

www.thenation.com

Pushing the Iraq Debate

As antiwar activists pour into Washington for late-January protests and Congressional lobbying, they should be asking for a lot more than nonbinding resolutions opposing the "surge" of more troops into Iraq. Nonbinding resolutions have some value, especially if they have bipartisan support, but it will take more than a prod from Capitol Hill to get this White House to change course. With that in mind, the new Congress has seen a flurry of proposals strong enough to constrain the President and perhaps begin the process of stopping the war. They are long shots in a Congress that has let its checking-and-balancing muscles atrophy. But these bills provide a focus for organizing, fodder for amendments and perhaps the impetus for reasserting the role of Congress in deciding how and when we go to war.

Of the proposals written to block the escalation, Senate bill 233, sponsored by Edward Kennedy, has the most traction. Along with a parallel House measure, HR 353, sponsored by Ed Markey, it would prohibit the Administration from spending funds to increase the number of troops in Iraq above the January 9 level without Congressional authorization. Both bills have attracted small but significant numbers of co-sponsors, and Kennedy will use his pull to keep the proposal in play. Indeed, the senior senator from Massachusetts has emerged as the most aggressive challenger of Vice President Cheney and others who contend that Congress lacks the authority to block White House moves in Iraq. In late January Kennedy circulated a letter from twenty-three constitutional scholars who argue that "Congress may limit the scope of the present Iraq War by either of two mechanisms. First, it may directly define limits on the scope of that war, such as by imposing geographic restrictions or a ceiling on the number of troops assigned to that conflict. Second, it may achieve the same objective by enacting appropriations restrictions that limit the use of appropriated funds."

Of the various bills that go beyond opposing escalation to proposing the withdrawal of US troops from Iraq, the heavyweight legislation is House Joint Resolution 18, Jack Murtha's call for the redeployment of troops "at the earliest practicable date." With eighty-seven Democratic co-sponsors, including House power-brokers like Ways and Means Committee chair Charles Rangel, Education and Labor Committee chair George Miller and Democratic Caucus chair Jim Clyburn, the bill could be the primary vehicle for the call to bring the troops home. Murtha's measure is not particularly detailed, however. A more specific proposal by Jerrold Nadler, HR 455, provides that no funds may be used in Iraq except to protect US troops and to arrange for their withdrawal by December 31. Jim McGovern is expected to offer a similar plan to pay only for bringing the troops home. Sam Farr's HR 413 seeks to achieve the same goal by repealing the 2002 Congressional authorization for the use of force in Iraq. Elements of all these proposals are brought together in the most comprehensive exit-strategy legislation, HR 508, the Bring the Troops Home and Iraq Sovereignty Restoration Act of 2007, sponsored by Progressive Caucus co-chair Lynn Wool-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sey and sixteen co-sponsors. Russ Feingold and Barbara Boxer are sponsoring a roughly parallel measure in the Senate.

At the same time that Democrats in the House and Senate are trying to end one war, a bipartisan group of House members are attempting to prevent another. Led by Walter Jones, the conservative Republican from North Carolina who broke with the White House to join such progressive Democrats as Maxine Waters in the Out of Iraq Caucus, they are pushing House Joint Resolution 14, which would require the President to receive specific authorization from Congress before initiating any use of military force against Iran. A key co-sponsor of the bill is Murtha, who, as chair of the powerful defense subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, can raise his concerns.

Jim Fine, legislative secretary on foreign policy issues at the Friends Committee on National Legislation, says that lobbying elected officials to sign on as backers of antiwar bills—even those that may never get a hearing—can strengthen Murtha's hand as he takes on the Administration. "As more members sign on as co-sponsors of specific pieces of legislation to block the escalation, to support a withdrawal timeline and to require authorization for any action on Iran," says Fine, "they make it easier for Murtha to tell the Administration: Look, Congress is not going to be blindsided by you anymore." JOHN NICHOLS

Hiding the Ball

LIBERTIES

If you want to know what difference a Democratic majority in Congress makes, consider George W. Bush's recent about-face on warrantless wiretapping. For more than five years, unchallenged by the GOP-dominated Congress, his Administration has been insisting, initially in secret and subsequently in public, that the President has inherent, uncheckable authority as Commander in Chief to spy on Americans without judicial approval.

Bush authorized surveillance that directly violated the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act. The President claimed that complying with FISA was too cumbersome for the "war on terror," and instead of asking Congress to amend the law, he simply ordered that it be violated in secret.

But that was then. On January 17, the day before Attorney General Alberto Gonzales was to testify for the first time before a Senate Judiciary Committee headed by the Democrats (and two weeks before the Administration was to defend the program in a federal court of appeals), the Administration announced that it could comply with FISA after all, and that future surveillance will be approved by a federal judge under FISA.

This is tremendous news for those concerned about the rule of law. President Bush's claim amounted to an argument that when it comes to matters relating to the war, he literally *is* the law—neither Congress nor the courts could have any say over his actions, even when he was spying on Americans. He has now admitted that at least this aspect of the war can be conducted in accordance with, rather than in violation of, the law. You can tell this is good news by how angry it made a *National Review* blogger, who asked, "What is the White House thinking?... For the Bush administration to argue for years that *this program*, as operated, was critical to our national security and fell within the president's Constitutional authority, to then turn around and surrender presidential authority this way is disgraceful."

Still, serious questions remain about the new program. According to the Administration, "developments" in the FISA court's interpretation of FISA have now made compliance with the law possible. But we have no idea what those legal developments are because they were adopted by a secret court entirely behind closed doors, and with input only from government lawyers. If foreign intelligence gathering is to remain subject to democratic control, Congress must insist that any new rules the courts develop be made public—just as FISA itself is public. It is one thing to keep details of specific warrants secret; but if the entire fabric of FISA jurisprudence is hidden, how are we to know whether the law is being honored only in the breach?

Accountability has never been the Bush Administration's strong suit. That was underscored again recently when the Defense Department issued rules for the conduct of military tribunals for "enemy combatants." The biggest obstacle the Administration faces in such trials is that so much of its evidence has been obtained through coercion, and criminal convictions based on coerced testimony violate the most basic dictates of fairness. Under the Military Commissions Act, however, one of the last gasps of the 2006 Republican Congress, defendants can be tried, convicted and executed on the basis of coerced testimony, so long as the coercion falls short of outright torture.

The Pentagon's new rules go still further, providing that military prosecutors need not disclose to the defense how evidence was obtained if it would reveal classified methods of intelligence gathering. The Administration has long maintained that its interrogation tactics are classified. Under these rules, then, there may never be any public accounting of how information was wrested from, for example, Khalid Shaikh Mohammed, said to be the mastermind of 9/11; he was "disappeared" into a CIA secret prison, held incommunicado for years and reportedly interrogated using extremely harsh abuse, including waterboarding, in which the suspect is strapped to a board and made to fear he is drowning. No trial can be called fair where the critical evidence may have resulted from such treatment. But the Administration seeks to keep that a secret.

If the midterm elections are to usher in the accountability that has been sorely lacking in Washington for six years, Congress must reject such efforts to hide the ball. The Administration is secretly wiretapping Americans under secret law and coercively interrogating suspects around the world with secret tactics. It now plans to hold military trials in which the means used to obtain confessions and send defendants to their death will also remain secret. Unless Congress insists on public accountability on wiretapping, interrogation and military trials, we may never know the evils committed in our name. And with this Administration's track record, is there any reason we should not expect the worst? DAVID COLE

David Cole (cole@law.georgetown.edu), The Nation's legal affairs correspondent, is a professor at Georgetown University Law Center.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

Only Words

With George W. Bush intent on escalating the war in Iraq, Congressional Democrats face a choice: Do they pass legislation (like the Carl Levin–backed Senate bill) that condemns the escalation but does nothing to stop it, or do they attempt to use their constitutional authority to allocate funds to prevent the escalation from actually happening, as Senator Edward Kennedy proposes in the legislation he has sponsored? Hillary Clinton has lined up on the former side, Barack Obama, seemingly (though still unclear), on the latter. The choice promises to be the central question Democrats face over the next two years: Will their opposition be one of words or of deeds?

This question carries more urgency now that Democrats are finally in a position to shape policy. "Six months ago, I would have been thrilled with a Senate resolution condemning the war," a net-savvy progressive organizer recently told me. "Now it seems kind of wimpy." Under the GOP Congress and Bush White House, all the Democrats had was their ability to spread their message across platforms and communicate to voters their opposition to the Republican agenda, a reality not lost on the much-maligned netroots. That said, as important as message was, it was easy for an Internet-powered grassroots progressive movement—which uses media (e-mail and blogs) that are logocentric by their very nature—to make a fetish of it. When a Democrat, even a conservative one like Robert Byrd, gave a particularly eloquent condemnation of the war in Iraq or the abuses at Guantánamo, he would garner approving quotes and links. But evaluating politicians chiefly by their rhetorical passion made for some strange bedfellows: Many supported Paul Hackett over a much more progressive, though less bombastic, Sherrod Brown, and Jim Webb, who is downright conservative on some issues, became a progressive cause célèbre.

But now Democrats have some real power, and we must rethink how to evaluate their performance. What are the relative values of words and deeds—speechifying and legislating? It's a question that's been gnawing at many in the blogosphere who worked hard to bring the Democratic Congress about. "Now that we are in the majority, we need to move past endless parsing of the words our leaders say, and focus instead on the policies they intend to pursue," wrote MyDD's Chris Bowers in response to outrage in the blogosphere over a quote from Harry Reid that appeared to support escalation. "It was ridiculous in the first place to think that Reid supported troop escalation in Iraq, considering that he voted for a timeline thirteen months ago.... We are not in the minority anymore, and we are not Republicans...this means that our politics is more than our message. It is time we started acting that way." Duncan Black, on his blog, Eschaton, echoed Bowers's sentiments: "We all need to come to terms with...the fact that the Democrats actually have power now. Messaging is still important, and they still shouldn't screw it up. But it isn't the only power they have now, and it isn't the most important power they have."

But old habits are hard to break. Only a few weeks before this post, Kos diarists piled on Obama for a three-month-old quote in which he said he found Daily Kos "boring" and "predictable." Bowers wrote an impassioned piece on MyDD expressing his frustration with Obama's habit of setting up unnamed left-wingers as foils to his own sober moderation. (In front of a *New York* magazine reporter, Obama told supporters that he's "not one of those people who cynically believes Bush went in only for the oil.") "Why," Bowers asked, "is it necessary for Obama to preface his opposition to the war by saying that he isn't like some crazy, left-wing stereotype that he never names or quotes?"

It's a fair question, but the answer is pretty straightforward. Like anyone running for the highest office in the land, Obama wants to make sure he grabs the centrist mantle. If the American people are rhetorically conservative and operationally liberal, as political scientists Lloyd Free and Hadley Cantril once noted, then it shouldn't be surprising that Democrats with national aspirations adopt a similar stance. And if a presidential run entails compromise, better that it be rhetorical betrayal (taking potshots at the netroots and other lefties) than a substantive one (voting for a disastrous war to boost your national security bona fides, or a heinous bankruptcy bill to please your donors).

The GOP seems to have a good grasp of this: In 2000 Bush ran as a centrist compromiser, not as the radical he has been in office, and current GOP frontrunner John McCain continues to craft an aura of independence that masks a conservative record.

As we enter the new era of Democratic control of Congress and the early stages of the presidential campaign, it's important to keep our eye on the ball. We need to end the war in Iraq, repeal the bankruptcy bill, raise taxes on the rich and move toward universal healthcare. If a Democratic politician wants to support all that while bashing Daily Kos, or *The Nation*, then please, by all means go ahead. Sticks, stones and all that.

CHRISTOPHER HAYES

Christopher Hayes, Nation *contributing writer and senior editor at* In These Times, *is a Puffin Foundation writing fellow at The Nation Institute.*

CALVIN TRILLIN

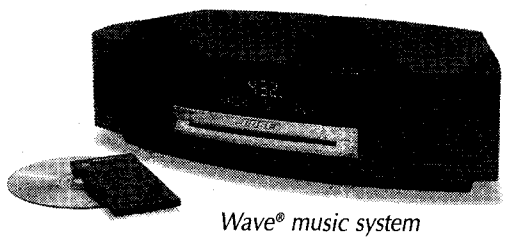
After Tuning In to the Sunday Talk Shows to See What the Sabbath Gasbags Have to Say

They talk of nothing but '08
And who'll emerge triumphant when
The voting booths are finally closed.
But what are we to do 'til then?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why do so many people own the acclaimed Bose® Wave® music system?

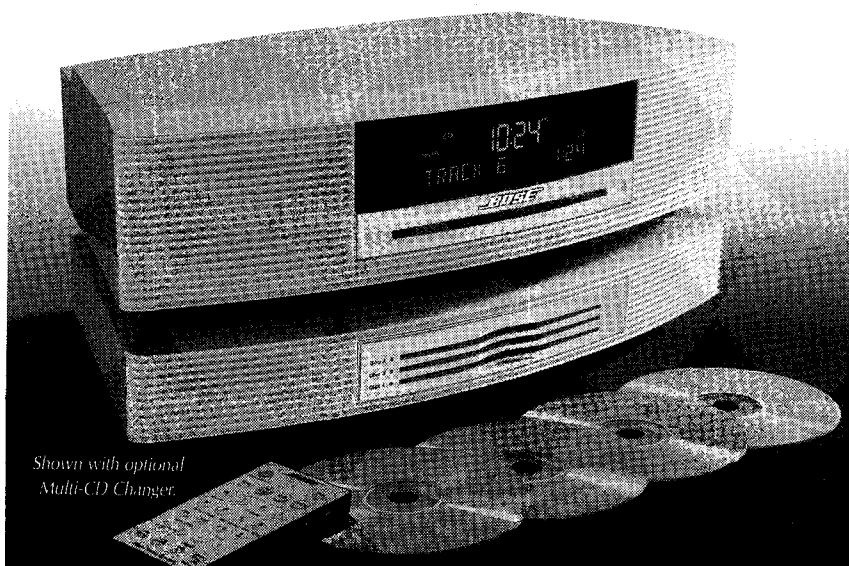
- **Stephen Williams of *Newsday* says it "makes the music special" and "is simplicity itself – and simply terrific."**
- Setup is easy: Just plug it in.
- **No large speakers. No towering rack of electronics. No wires running around your room.**
- Jonathan Takiff of the *Philadelphia Daily News* calls it "an extraordinary performer."
- It's less than 15 inches wide, so you free up lots of space.
- Fits elegantly on your living room end table, kitchen countertop or bedroom nightstand.
- No knobs or dials. The audio fine-tunings are automatically done for you.
- Play CDs, MP3 CDs or CD-R/RWs. Whichever you like.
- **You can order it together with the optional Multi-CD Changer to enjoy hours of music without interruption.**
- The changer is designed exclusively for the Wave® music system. Together they stand just 6½ inches high.
- The slim remote controls every feature.



Wave® music system shown in Graphite Gray.

- You can connect your TV or MP3 player and enjoy them with noticeably better sound.
- It has six FM and six AM presets. So you can quickly find your favorite stations.
- It reproduces even deeper notes than the renowned original Wave® radio/CD. Instruments are clearer and better defined.
- Play your favorite song, and hear what you've been missing.
- ***Forbes FYI* says, "you'll think you're listening to a...system that costs five times more."**
- The breakthrough waveguide speaker technology behind the room-filling sound was invented by Bose, and only Bose has it.
- You may find yourself turning off the TV and rediscovering music.

- Wayne Thompson of the *Oregonian* calls it "one-of-a-kind...my choice for product of the year."
- It's made by Bose, the most respected name in sound. So you know it's of high quality.
- **Awarded the coveted "best of the best" at the international Red Dot awards for outstanding design and innovation.**
- It's a gift you feel confident in giving, knowing it will be used and appreciated every day.
- Use it to replace a much more expensive multi-component stereo, and appreciate the value.
- There's a clock, and an alarm with gently rising volume to soothe you into your day.
- Rich Warren of the *News-Gazette* says, "the Wave Music System will flat out seduce you."
- **Hear it for yourself. Use the 30-day Excitement Guarantee to try it in your home – risk free.**
- Move it from room to room: The backup memory system stores your settings without batteries.
- Choose Platinum White or Graphite Gray to match your décor.
- Even the financing is convenient. Use your own major credit card to make **12 easy payments,** with no interest charges from Bose.*



Shown with optional Multi-CD Changer.

FREE shipping with your order.

To order or learn more:

1-800-925-9738
ext. TK110
www.Bose.com/wms

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

*Bose payment plan available on orders of $299-$1500 paid by major credit card. Additional financing offers may be available for select products. See website for details. Down payment is 1/12 the product price plus applicable tax and shipping charges. Then, your credit card will be billed for 11 equal monthly installments with 0% APR and no interest charges from Bose. Credit card rules and interest may apply. U.S. residents only. Limit one active financing program per customer. ©2006 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. The Wave® music system design is also a registered trademark of Bose Corporation. Financing and free shipping offer not to be combined with other offers or applied to previous purchases, and subject to change without notice. Risk free refers to 30-day trial only and does not include return shipping. Delivery is subject to product availability. Quotes reprinted with permission: Thomas Jackson, *Forbes FYI*, Winter/04.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

The Sounds of Silence

This is the third installment in Walter Mosley's cycle of essays on Cultural Famine. The other installments appeared in the October 23 and December 18 issues. —*The Editors*

The word *suffrage* has nothing to do with the verb *to suffer*, or so my Oxford dictionary tells me. But the poet in me sees a connection. Voting is a serious enterprise. My choices of who speaks for me, decisions about laws that govern me and parties that represent my interests are the most important activities in my sociopolitical life. My ability to understand and make choices in the political arena is therefore paramount for me and my country. And if I fail to choose correctly or, even worse, neglect to participate in this enterprise, a whole nation, maybe an entire world, will suffer.

All Americans should vote. Every last one of us who is eligible should enter that ballot booth and punch out our choices.

Who should be eligible? Every living, breathing citizen of this land regardless of race, gender, intelligence or criminal history.

Millions of convicted felons across the nation, once they have served their sentence, find they are not allowed to participate in the electoral process—the fact of their conviction barring them from the very act that defines our national identity and our citizenship. This is possibly a worse sentence than the one they have already served. If a woman cannot vote, if a man cannot cast his ballot, they are being punished again for a crime they have already paid for. And the punishment is the abrogation of their nationality. Not only are these ex-convicts punished but the whole nation suffers, as we are deprived of the participation of our full citizenry.

And there's another problem: The penal system in the United States is both racist and classist. Staggering numbers of our convicts are illiterate, from impoverished backgrounds and of color. Many thousands more are severely mentally ill or afflicted with learning disabilities or retardation. It's not that other classes of people don't commit crimes; it's that they don't get convicted at the same rates as those who cannot afford adequate legal representation. Poverty, more than any other cause, fills our prisons with potentially productive and positive citizens.

Citizens. It doesn't matter what crime you've committed; if you are a citizen of this nation, then you will continue to be one. No matter if you kite checks, get into bar brawls, murder for hire or tunnel into banks. It doesn't matter if you have carried an illegal weapon or even committed some heinous crime against children or the elderly. No matter what you've done you are still a citizen, and as a citizen you have certain inalienable rights. And the most important of those rights is the franchise to vote.

How can I make such an outlandish claim?

The Census.

Every decade the government sends out its bean counters to enumerate Americans in their places of residence with tons of attendant data including race, gender, geographic location, profession, age and a thousand other factors. One use for this Big Count is to tell the government how to structure the House of Representatives and how to apportion monies.

So, if you live in a town of 1,500 women, children and men and your town council votes to allow a private prison to be built within your borders, a prison that will house 2,500 souls, let's say, then the next census will count 4,000 residents in your little hamlet. Four thousand residents and fewer than half of them can vote. Four thousand residents and most of them cannot take advantage of what the government has to offer.

How do we deal with this problem? Ignore it? Revoke the political humanity of all prisoners? Say that it's their problem for being born poor white or black or brown? Because that's why they're there.

Many young black and brown men and women are incarcerated for extraordinarily long terms because of the constitutionally questionable practice of sentencing according to whether the defendant is gang-related.

Gang-related. That means because the defendant was seen in the company of his cousin Jo-Jo from across the street (Jo-Jo, who did nickel for drug possession and who got gang tattoos in the joint to protect his ass). Because the defendant was seen with his cousin he is to be considered to have some level of membership in a gang. And who testifies? Police officers who may or may not have seen the accused drinking a beer on Jo-Jo's porch.

These sorely pressed men and women are human beings, citizens of this land.

Voting is not a privilege but a responsibility that each and every American bears. Allowing prisoners and ex-convicts to vote will keep us honest. The laws, good and bad, affect them as much if not more than the rest of us. And voting will not give them more money or freedom to run the streets and commit crimes (or drink beers). Voting will help to articulate the valid needs and perspectives of our millions of convicted felons.

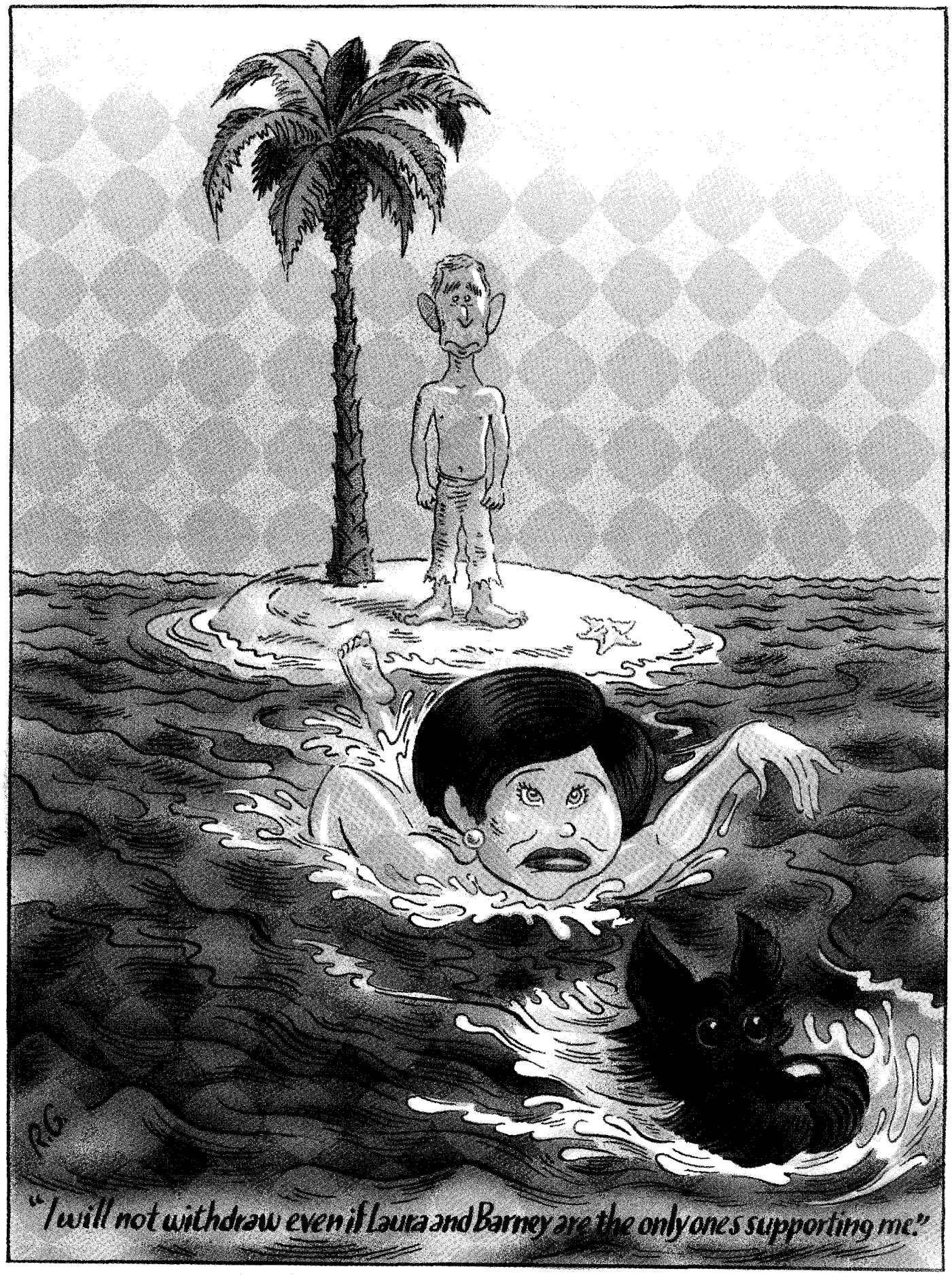
And what if Tiny Town USA decides that it can't support a prison that might tip its mayoral election? Too bad. These are human beings we're talking about—not slaves or beasts. No matter how well hidden they are, no matter how successfully they have been silenced, these prisoners deserve every right afforded to any American. They're already incarcerated. They're already doing time. They have been found guilty of breaking the law in our flawed system and sentenced. But they have not been found evil; they have not been relieved of their citizenship.

Let's allow ex-convicts, and convicts too, to become a part of our political dialogue. Let's make our elected officials responsible to all Americans. And let's have those Americans bring new information to the dialogue.

Maybe, just maybe, they will tell us some things that might make us a stronger, more just union. WALTER MOSLEY

Walter Mosley's latest book is Killing Johnny Fry: A Sexistential Novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ISOLATED

ROBERT GROSSMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERIC ALTERMAN

Kristolizing the (Neoconservative) Moment

Join me, dear reader, in yet another inquiry into the role in American political life of William Kristol. My goal is not merely to point out, yet again, his miserable record of prognostication relating to the invasion of Iraq. That's now a given. And in fact, while Kristol has been spectacularly wrong, he has not been the wrongest of the top two *Weekly Standard* editors. That honor would have to go to executive editor Fred Barnes, who, oblivious to what almost all Americans and (finally) most pundits now know, continues to portray George W. Bush as a heroic figure and successful President.

But while Barnes is a bad joke to most, his colleague Kristol continues to add to his panoply of powerful pundit positions. Not only is he EiC of *The Weekly Standard*, a semi-regular columnist for the *Washington Post*, a Fox News analyst and a frequent face on Jon Stewart's *The Daily Show*; he is also a regular columnist for *Time*. By any measure he remains, as Bernard-Henri Lévy once deemed him, America's "archetype of the neoconservative." What this means in Kristol's case is that what may look like journalism to the naked eye, and is passed along as such by his editors and producers, is really something quite different.

Make no mistake: Bill Kristol is an extremely smart fellow with good manners and a likable demeanor. Because he is so smart, it's all but impossible to believe that he believes many of the things he says and writes. But if one looks for a consistent pattern to Kristol's perpetual wrongness, it's not hard to discern. For Kristol is less interested in being correct than in advancing his side's interests. He's not a journalist; he's an apparatchik working undercover as a man of the press.

Back in 1993, when Kristol admitted to just being a Republican strategist, he made a name for himself by writing a strategy memo in which he altered the course of American politics by convincing Republicans not to compromise with the Clinton Administration healthcare plan but to destroy it. "Any Republican urge to negotiate a 'least bad' compromise with the Democrats, and thereby gain momentary public credit for helping the president 'do something,'" he wrote, "if it can be beaten, it unravels other things. We have to beat the Clinton plan period, no ifs, ands or buts."

Note that he ignores not only the problems of tens of millions of uninsured Americans but also the merits of the plan itself. The issue was power, pure and simple. If you're seeking to locate the moment in which the era of right-wing Republican recalcitrance—which ended so badly for the party in the 2006 elections—was, um, crystallized, this memo gets my nomination.

OK fine, you say. He was not yet a journalist. And while his Manichean machinations on behalf of the Republican Party may strike one as morally questionable, they cannot be held against his journalism. That may be true, but I would argue that Kristol has changed hats, not stripes. How else to explain that nearly every time a major issue confronts the nation, his analysis is not merely wrong but spectacularly so, and always in the same direction, regardless of evidence or expertise. Observe:

§ In the opening moments of the Monica Lewinsky scandal, Kristol insisted, "We are now in the final days." He intoned, "If the President lied to the American People…he's finished."

§ When the Starr report was issued, causing almost universal revulsion among Americans, Kristol wrote a cover editorial for his magazine that headlined the report STARR'S HOME RUN, portraying its author as Mark McGwire and calling for Clinton's immediate impeachment.

§ At the outset of the Iraq War, Kristol called predictors of Shiite-Sunni strife purveyors of "pop sociology," insisting, "Iraq's always been very secular" and that a US invasion would spread "the principles of liberty and justice in the Islamic world."

When it comes to liberals and Democrats, Kristol is constantly insinuating disloyalty. "What drives so many Democrats crazy about [Joe] Lieberman," he says, is that "he's unashamedly pro-American." Why did Ted Kennedy, Nancy Pelosi, the *New York Times* editorial page and others oppose Bush's invasion? "These liberals—better, leftists—hate George W. Bush so much they can barely bring themselves to hope America wins the war to which, in their view, the president has illegitimately committed the nation.... They hate Don Rumsfeld so much they can't bear to see his military strategy vindicated." After the massacre at Haditha, he said, "The anti-American left can barely be bothered to conceal its glee." Kristol has even, amazingly, chosen to echo the incendiary language of his father, Irving Kristol, in his 1952 semi-endorsement of Joe McCarthy, applying the same terms to the Democrats regarding terrorism: "The American people, whatever their doubts about aspects of Bush's foreign policy, know that Bush is serious about fighting terrorists and terrorist states that mean America harm. About Bush's Democratic critics, they know no such thing."

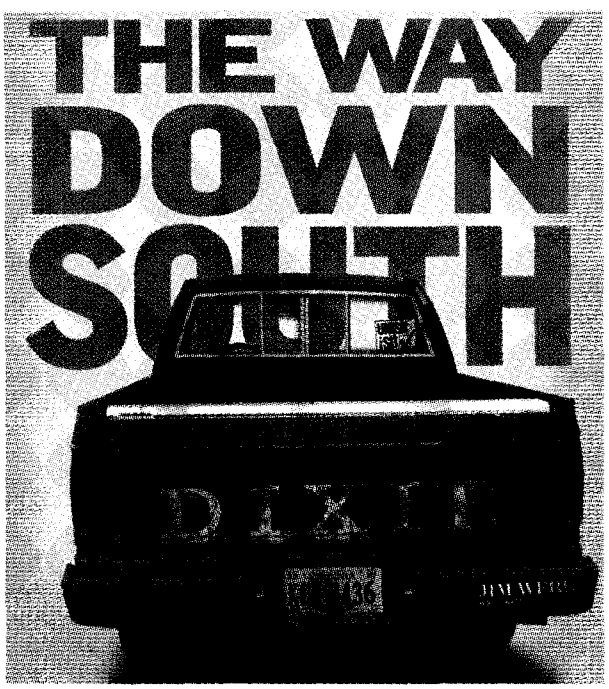
Such talk is not merely misguided—Kristol himself now admits that Rumsfeld's strategy was a disaster—it is slanderous. And given Kristol's widespread knowledge of and social contacts with many of liberalism's leading lights, it's obvious he's aware of this. But he does not care. As recently as January 21, he speculated of opponents of Bush's hopeless surge, "You really wonder, do they want it to work or not?"

Why then, despite his poor record as a prognosticator and his penchant for poisonous political rhetoric, does he remain the darling of so many MSM editors and producers? Why did *Time*, which already suffers from a surfeit of liberal-hating McCarthyite pundits like Andrew Sullivan (who's leaving), Charles Krauthammer and Joe Klein, choose to add one with even fewer journalistic bona fides and less credibility? Is it the job only of liberals to insure the fealty of the mainstream media to their professed goals of presenting truth in a *genuinely* fair and balanced fashion? Or is that goal now so quaint that somehow a right-wing holy warrior can be said to fit the bill? ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES

THE WAY DOWN SOUTH



A populist route to Democratic revival

by BOB MOSER

The last thing my daddy wanted to do on a fine crisp fall Saturday in 1972, he made quite clear, was drive forty-five minutes in traffic just to hear "a bunch of Republicans yammering their rich man's nonsense." But I begged and whined until he caved. By the time Air Force One glinted down the runway of the Greensboro airport for the big rally, this die-hard Democrat—a blue-collar veteran of World War II who would sooner cast a posthumous vote for Mussolini than pull the lever for a candidate of the Grand Old Party—was straining under the bulk of his fat, nerdy 9-year-old boy, aloft on his shoulders as I chanted with a lusty throng of pent-up crackers: "Nixon now! Nixon now!"

No wonder I was carried away by the excitement: We were, after all, witnessing one of the most brazen acts of political thievery in American history. Not only had Democrats owned the South since Reconstruction (a grip so tight that there was not a single Republican governor or US senator in the region when I was born), the party had also personified the political philosophy that long knit white Dixie voters together almost as strongly as their segregated "way of life": that shape-shifting beast called populism. Before the backlash set off by President Lyndon Johnson's championing of civil rights in the 1960s, the region's Republicans were so anemic that historian V.O. Key wrote in 1949 that the Dixie GOP "scarcely deserves the name of a party," more closely resembling "an esoteric cult on the order of a lodge." My maternal grandfather, a violent yellow-dog Democrat who'd been known to wield his cane against outspoken Republicans, called it the "lily-livered cocktail party," and his opinion had long been nearly universal in the South. Democrats were us; Republicans were meddlesome, superior, pro-corporate Ivy Leaguers endlessly devising fresh ways to screw us over.

Now Republicans were doing the unthinkable: convincing folks they were on their side. Up on a platform erected on the runway, two key architects of the GOP's new Southern strategy, President Nixon and North Carolina's own Jesse Helms, were railing against hippies and atheists and other un-American elements holding down the "silent majority" of white working folk. Mixing pietistic appeals for school prayer and nostalgia for "traditional American values," they were mouthing a neo-populist pitch borrowed from George Wallace's scarily successful 1968 backlash campaign and scripted by Kevin Phillips's *The Emerging Republican Majority*. And the blue-collar Democrats were eating it up, roaring approval at every racially coded "law and order" applause line and spitting epithets back and forth with antiwar protesters. All except for my father, who had glanced around forlornly when we arrived and seen a depressing array of crew cuts, work shirts with names on the patches and rebel-flag mesh caps. "Good grief," he muttered. "Looks like a bunch of Democrats. What in the world?"

It was a neat trick, really: Stepping into the void created for white Southern conservatives when the Democrats became the party of civil rights and 1960s-style social liberalism, Republicans were adapting the old rhetoric of populism—the sword so long wielded against them—to "flip" white Dixie and create an electoral stronghold of their own. But Republican populism would be all about white cultural unity, not economic fairness. The enemy would no longer be the greedy corporate "Big Mules" scorned by legendary Alabama populist Jim Folsom but the broad coalition of "pointy-headed intellectuals" ridiculed by Wallace.

Far more than Nixon, who privately cursed conservative Southerners' "right-wing bitching" while publicly courting their votes, Helms embodied the new Republican breed. The son of a small-town police chief, the owl-faced Helms became the voice of white backlash in 1960s North Carolina with rabble-rousing, "lubrul"-whacking, nightly TV commentaries. "What is needed is a revolt against revolution," he prophesied in 1964. In his '72 campaign to become the state's first Republican US senator in the twentieth century, Helms was facing a Greek-American Democrat with the funny-sounding name of Nick Galifianakis. The culture warrior knew just what to do: Helms boiled down the new Republican populism to a campaign slogan that spoke volumes in four simple words: "He's One of Us."

It worked like a charm—or better yet, a spell. Just three days after my disgusted father and I watched Nixon and Helms clasp hands in a "V" for victory at that raucous airport rally, Helms got his breakthrough win on the coattails of the President's stunning Southern sweep. Not only was Nixon the first Republican ever to ride a "solid South" to victory, he napalmed the old "Southern Democracy," capturing a gaudy 70 percent of the region's votes. Giddy with triumph, Nixon's chief Southern strategist, arch-segregationist Harry Dent of South Carolina, was widely quoted as boasting that "the South will never go back."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOBODY OWNS THE NATION.

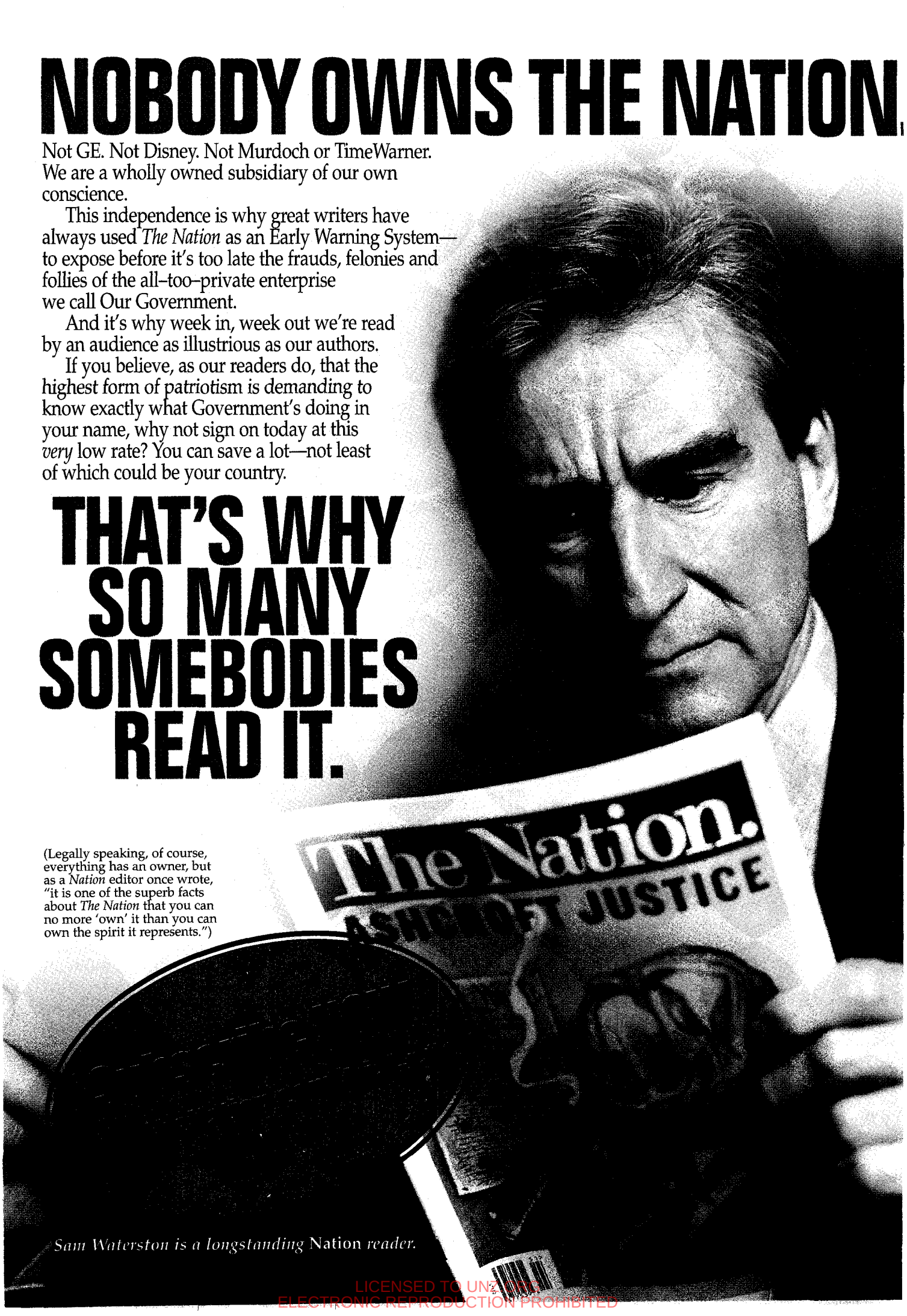
Not GE. Not Disney. Not Murdoch or TimeWarner. We are a wholly owned subsidiary of our own conscience.

This independence is why great writers have always used *The Nation* as an Early Warning System—to expose before it's too late the frauds, felonies and follies of the all-too-private enterprise we call Our Government.

And it's why week in, week out we're read by an audience as illustrious as our authors.

If you believe, as our readers do, that the highest form of patriotism is demanding to know exactly what Government's doing in your name, why not sign on today at this *very* low rate? You can save a lot—not least of which could be your country.

THAT'S WHY SO MANY SOMEBODIES READ IT.



(Legally speaking, of course, everything has an owner, but as a *Nation* editor once wrote, "it is one of the superb facts about *The Nation* that you can no more 'own' it than you can own the spirit it represents.")

Sam Waterston is a longstanding Nation *reader.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southerners, Dent said, "now realize they have been Republicans philosophically for a long time."

And so commenced the most misleading and destructive myth of contemporary American politics: the notion that the century-long Democratic "solid South" had morphed into an equally solid and enduring Republican South.

It was a threadbare myth from the start. The uniformity of Southern politics has always been overblown, even before the demise of Jim Crow in the 1960s. In what is still the most insightful book on the subject, 1949's *Southern Politics in State and Nation*, V.O. Key found that "even on the question of race the unity of the region has been greatly exaggerated in the national mind. Nor do the conventional stereotypes of Southern politics convey any conception of the diversity of political attitude, organization and tradition among the Southern states. The term 'Southern,'" Key concluded, "conjures up notions that have little resemblance to reality."

'We'd had it so easy for so long that when Republicans started to crest, we had no idea what to do or how to do it.' —Maxie Duke

Democrats were bound to take a hit after Lyndon Johnson signed the Civil Rights and Voting Rights acts of 1964 and '65. The Texan worried out loud that he had "handed the South to the Republicans" for decades to come. But while segregationist whites did slowly but steadily defect to the formerly hated "party of Lincoln," voting rights brought a massive infusion of Southern blacks into the Democratic Party. Progressives had long nourished the hope that integration would spawn a new coalition of blacks with moderate and liberal whites—a revival of the short-lived, biracial Southern Farmers' Alliance led by Georgia's Tom Watson in the 1890s. Even as Nixon took Dixie in 1972, there were encouraging signs—none more so than the election of moderate-to-progressive governors in ten of the eleven old Confederate states, most calling for both economic fairness and racial reconciliation. In Georgia, Jimmy Carter—replacing segregationist Governor Lester Maddox—bracingly declared in his 1971 inaugural address that "the time for racial discrimination is over." In Florida, Reubin Askew hailed the emergence of "a humanistic South, which has always been there, just below the surface of racism and despair, struggling for a chance to emerge." A new cadre of black elected officials was pointing forward in the same direction. "We in the South have an exciting opportunity," Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson wrote in 1972, "to prove that, ultimately, black and white have only one enemy: not each other, but those economic, social, educational, and political conditions which cause and maintain hunger, neglect, bigotry and disease."

When a near-solid South propelled Carter to the presidency in 1976, it appeared that the long-delayed dream might be coming to life. But Carter's White House stint, like Bill Clinton's after it, failed to live up to its populist promise. And while GOP fortunes were being bolstered by a new Christian-right politics that sent another wave of traditional Democrats into the Republican camp, the national Democrats began to beat a retreat from Dixie. Democratic state parties in the South, which had never had to mount full-scale general-election campaigns in the past, were woefully unprepared to counter the Republican surge—and were largely left high and dry. "We'd had it so easy for so long that when Republicans started to crest, we had no idea what to do or how to do it," says Maxie Duke, a longtime Democratic activist in Oconee County, South Carolina. National Democrats, she says, "just didn't care."

Worse, the Democrats failed to take the opening left them by the Republicans' Southern strategy: Adapt the South's economic populist tradition into a fresh, class-based politics with broad appeal to blacks and whites alike, directly challenging the politics of cultural fear and racial unity. "The party abandoned its New Deal legacy as a positive force for change and hunkered down behind a defensive shield," writes John Egerton, author of *The Americanization of Dixie*. "The leaders failed to comprehend that Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson died for their sins, and in so doing freed the Democrats to reclaim their heritage as the fountainhead of egalitarian opportunity."

By 1988 the sight of a Democratic presidential nominee in Dixie had become about as rare as a glimpse of the ivory-billed woodpecker. But while white Southerners were voting in huge numbers for Republicans in "Washington elections" for President and Congress, Democrats did not go extinct. "Southern politics remains a complex mix," says Ferrell Guillory, head of the University of North Carolina's Program on Southern Politics, Media and Public Life. "Between the solid South of yesteryear and the 'GOP lock' of today, there is a distinct difference. Then, the underdog party hardly mattered. Now, the underdog party has not gone away." A poll of Southern voters on election day 2000 found 35 percent identifying as Democrats—just 26 percent as Republicans. Southern Democrats still win more state and local elections, where candidates matter more than party identities. The parity between the parties, unprecedented in the South's history, was neatly symbolized by the total tally of state legislative seats in the old Confederate states after the 2004 elections: 891 Democrats, 891 Republicans. The vast bulk of the region—including old Confederate states like Florida, North Carolina, Arkansas and Virginia and "border South" states like Kentucky, West Virginia and Missouri—is more purple than red.

But when it comes to the South, myth always overwhelms reality. The Republican Party has come to rely on the mystical powers of its "solid South" to produce nearly two-thirds of the electoral votes its presidential candidates need every four years. National Democrats have leaned on the myth, too, using it to justify their drift from economic populism toward a Clinton-style, Wall Street–friendly centrism. Coming off three straight Democratic wipeouts in the 1980s, Clinton and the Democratic Leadership Council persuaded many in the party that their only chance to compete in the vote-rich South was by "neutralizing" distinctions with the omnipotent Republicans. The "Republican Lite" strategy led to some statewide Democratic victories in Dixie in the 1990s, and Clinton used it to win eight Old South and border South states in both his 1992 and '96 presidential victories. But Republican Lite gave Democrats an eerie resemblance to the

Bob Moser is a Nation *contributing writer.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old mushy, stand-for-nothing Republican Party, and the strategy has paid diminishing returns over time. For the Democrats' largest and most loyal Southern constituency, Republican Lite represents an outright betrayal. "They spend 95 percent of the time trying to sway away white moderates and even conservatives," says Willie Legette, a longtime African-American political organizer in South Carolina. "The message is, 'We're no longer the party concerned with reducing racial and class inequalities.' They're so bent on not being identified as the party of liberalism that they give us no reason to vote."

When the Democrats' "me too" version of a Southern strategy failed them in 2000, with DLC stalwart Al Gore unable to carry a single state in Dixie (unless you count Florida), a backlash broke out among blue-state progressives understandably fed up with centrist compromises that weren't even helping to win national elections anymore. But rather than call for a recommitment to core Democratic values, the loudest voices blamed the South. "For Democrats, the South has become the Sahara of the Electoral College," wrote *Slate* columnist Timothy Noah. "Give it up." In the run-up to 2004, Thomas Schaller, a University of Maryland political scientist, wrote an influential *Washington Post* op-ed calling for a non-Southern strategy. "Trying to recapture the region is a futile, counterproductive exercise because the South is no longer the swing region," he declared. "It has swung: Richard Nixon's 'Southern strategy' of 1968 has reached full fruition." Freed from their Southern bondage, wrote Mary Lynn Jones in *The American Prospect*, Democrats could focus on their "natural liberal base" and come up with "stronger, more compelling nominees" to champion a less compromised progressivism.

'The [Democratic] message is, "We're no longer the party concerned with reducing racial and class inequalities."' —Willie Legette

While no President had ever been elected without winning a sizable chunk of Dixie, a growing number of Democrats were eager to take the gamble. And they were about to find the perfect champion for their suicidal strategy.

On the doleful morning of January 21, 2004, my Alabama friend Todd had just one question: "What are the Democrats smoking this time? 'Cause whatever it is, if it can make you that oblivious to reality, I want some."

The night before, Iowans had held their quadrennial caucuses and made John Kerry the presumptive favorite for the nomination. I was living then in the heart of old Dixie, Montgomery, "cradle" of both the Confederacy and the civil rights movement, and getting a taste of how unaccountably strange national Democratic politics looks in red America. For beleaguered Southern liberals like Todd, the Democrats' misunderstanding of what appeals to the South and to Middle America falls somewhere between a bad joke and a tragedy—and Kerry's win looked like the perfect example. Since 1972 most Southerners' image of the two parties had flipped, even if their voting habits hadn't; now it was Democrats who entered every campaign suspected of being wine-and-cheese elitists out to screw the folk. Kerry was the very personification of that image. "You only have to listen to him for thirty seconds," Todd said, "to know that's somebody who'd be afraid to even dip a toe in Alabama."

If there was any doubt about that, Kerry dispelled it three days later. "Everybody always makes the mistake of looking South," he tut-tutted to a Dartmouth College crowd. "Al Gore proved he could have been President of the United States without winning one Southern state." It was an odd interpretation of events, given that Gore's Southern wipeout had sealed his doom in 2000. In fact, according to Gore's campaign manager, Donna Brazile, Gore shut down most campaign operations in the South before Labor Day of that year. Now Kerry, who repeated his non-Southern intentions twice in the following days, was planning to replicate Gore's losing strategy—and further widen the gulf between national Democrats and the South.

"Presidential campaigns are the primary vehicle for selling a party's identity," notes Steve Jarding, a Democratic strategist who steered Mark Warner and Jim Webb to upset victories in Virginia in 2001 and 2006. "When John Kerry says, 'I'm not going South,' that means that there's some $40 to $50 million in Democratic investments not going South, either. It means digging a deeper and deeper hole in those states."

For a moment in the summer of 2004, it appeared that Kerry might "look South" after all when he tapped John Edwards as his vice presidential running mate. But shortly after the Democratic convention, Kerry's brain trust decided to wave a big white hanky, "suspending operations" in Purple South states—Virginia, Louisiana, Missouri and Arkansas—as well as in competitive states outside the region like Nevada, Arizona and Colorado. All told, even before Labor Day, Kerry had "strategically" conceded twenty-seven states, including all of the South but Florida—and all but forty-three of the electoral votes Bush needed for re-election.

Once again, Republicans were left to preach their divisive cultural populism to Southerners in a virtual echo chamber. The Democratic presidential campaign—and whatever its message might have been—was little more than a distant rumor. "In most of the South, and most of the country for that matter," Edwards told me ruefully after the election, "you couldn't hardly tell we were running a candidate. It's tough to convince people you're right when you can't be bothered to talk to them."

When the inevitable went down on November 2, 2004, with another non-Southern campaign sending the Democrats down in flames, it seemed high time to reassess the strategy. Instead, the blue-state backlash only intensified. "Fuck the South," began the most popular in a parade of blogs laying blame for Bush's re-election on the dimwits of Dixie. It wasn't just bloggers: On the morning of November 3, prominent Democratic strategist Bob Beckel called on the South to "form its own nation." Democratic wise man Lawrence O'Donnell, creator of *The West Wing*, ordered Southerners to shape up or be shipped out of the Union. "Some would say, 'Oh, poor Alabama. It's cut off from the wealth infusion that it gets from New York and California.' But the more this political condition goes on at the presidential level," O'Donnell blustered, "the more you're testing the inclination of the blue states to say, 'so what?'"

The new cry among the punditocracy was for something

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

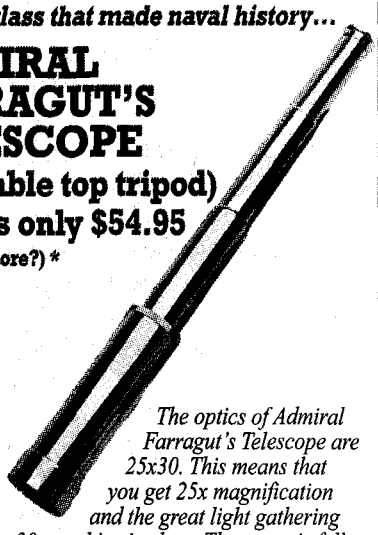
Three outstanding optical instruments from Jomira. Our exclusive imports, our exclusive prices*

*But be sure to read this entire ad for our "Special Deal!"

e spy glass that made naval history...

DMIRAL ARRAGUT'S ELESCOPE

vith table top tripod)
om us only $54.95
hy pay more?) *



The optics of Admiral Farragut's Telescope are 25x30. This means that you get 25x magnification and the great light gathering pacity of a 30mm objective lens. The scope is fully romed (over brass) for extra beauty, protection d durability. Admiral Farragut's Telescope comes th a vinyl belt-looped carry case and a table-top

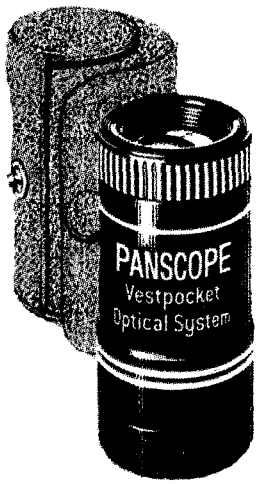
hen Admiral Farragut ("Damn the torpedoes; ll speed ahead!") fought his legendary naval ttles he used a telescope just like this to onitor the movements of the enemies' fleets. iis beautiful optical instrument, a faithful plica of the famous original (except that dmiral Farragut's was made of brass – ours is lly chromed over its pure brass body), is out 5" long in its collapsed position and 13" hen extended to full operating length.

Enlargement is 25x, which means that it ings everything 25-times closer, and in edle-sharp focus, than if viewed with the aided eye. Compare that to binoculars, which ually give you not more than 6x or perhaps magnification. ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S ELESCOPE comes with a belt-loop vinyl rrying case. There is also a table-top tripod r extended observations. This beautiful strument is something you always wanted but ought you couldn't afford. It is a small luxury at you will really enjoy and that will give you onderful service for many years. It is now ailable from us at a most affordable price.

The only universal optical instrument...

PANSCOPE

(the complete optical system)
from us only $54.95 (Why pay more?) *



PANSCOPE is beautifully gift-boxed, comes with its neatly fitted leather case and with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x and 30x.

This is a little optical marvel. PANSCOPE (only 2" long) contains a complete optical system in its tiny body. You may use it as a 3x telescope or as a unique 3x telescope-loupe. In its magnifying mode, it delivers magnifiers and loupes at 5x, 10x, and 15x enlargement. And to top it all, it also functions as a 30x microscope of laboratory quality.

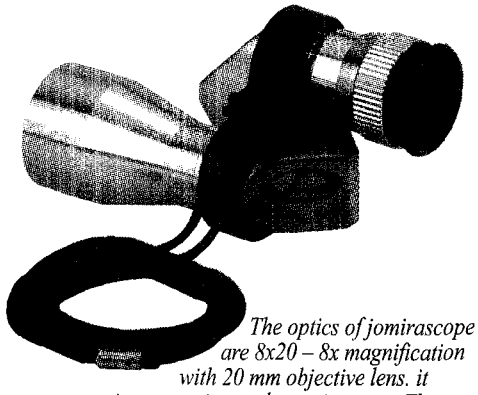
A special stand fo long-term observation for 15x and 30x microscope is included

This marvelous little instrument, developed in Wetzlar (Germany), home of famous Leica cameras, is the product of one of Asia's finest makers. Its coated optics are of superb quality, delivering the image with brilliant luminosity, in needle-sharp focus, with absolute clarity and with full chromatic correction. PANSCOPE is the indispensable first choice of scientists and professionals and of just about everybody who wants and needs to see the infinite detail in life that is not readily available to the unaided eye.

Hold the whole world in your hand with...

Jomirascope

8 x 20 monocular
from us only $59.95 (Why pay more?) *



The optics of jomirascope are 8x20 – 8x magnification with 20 mm objective lens. it comes in a neat zippered carrying case. The objective lens can be used as an 8x magnifier. A 25x microscope attachment ($29.95, 3 for $59.90) is also available.

Jomirascope is so small that it fits unobtrusively in a man's coat pocket or a lady's purse. Yet it packs a tremendous wallop in its tiny body. Its 8 x 20 fully prismatic and hard-coated optics give you 8x magnification, with a remarkable field of 430 ft. at 1,000 yds. Its 20 mm objective lens affords unusual light gathering even at dusk or dawn. What was that rustling in the bushes? With jomirascope you'll discover that it was an ivory-billed woodpecker. Do you wish to explore every feature on the moon, or (with some luck) discern the rings of Saturn? jomirascope will be your instrument of choice. Much smaller than even "pocket" binoculars and with greater magnification than most, jomirascope should be your constant companion, for enjoyment and exploration.

jomira

division of jomira/advance
470 3rd St., #211, San Francisco, CA 94107

*** And here is our "special deal": You may buy any three of these outstanding optical instruments mixed or matched) for the price of two, only $109.90 — even the somewhat more expensive Jomirascope.**

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or AMEX/Visa/MasterCard. Please give order code shown. Add $6.95 for ship./ins. for one and).90 for three instruments - except one Adm. Farragut's Telescope is $9.90 and any three instruments containing Adm. Farragut's Telescope $12.95 - and sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (415) 356-7801.

Please give order codeY7801

Order by toll-free phone: 1-800/600-2777, or (fastest!) by fax: 1-415/356-7804.
Visit our website at www.jomira.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bolder and more divisive than John Kerry's approach: an *anti*-Southern strategy. "The Democrats need their own 'them,'" writes Thomas Schaller in his 2005 book, *Whistling Past Dixie,* "and the social conservatives who are the bedrock of southern politics provide the most obvious and burdensome stone to hang around the Republicans' necks.... If the GOP can build a national majority by ostracizing an entire region," he says of the South's animosity toward Yankees, "the Democrats should be able to run *outside* the South by running *against* the conservative South." By picking off a few non-Southern "purple" states like Montana and Colorado, Schaller and others believe, the Democrats can cobble together small national majorities in presidential elections.

As a species of Democratic defeatism, this approach can hardly be topped. And for all the charts and graphs that accompany such strategic chess games, calls for a non-Southern strategy are rooted in cultural stereotypes. While probing deeply into the politics of states like Montana, Schaller offers mostly context-free statistical "evidence" and sweeping judgments when it comes to the South. Among the various "pathologies" of the region Schaller identifies, for instance: "The South is the most militarized region of the country." But like everything else, it's not nearly so simple: Despite Southerners' often well-earned reputation for a patriotic belligerence unusual even among Americans, recent polls have found that they now oppose the Iraq War just as strongly as people in the rest of the country—and more Southerners now think the United States should "withdraw completely" from Iraq.

In the 2006 midterms, national Democratic leaders chose Southern candidates who fit the 'Republican Lite' mold to a T.

That's no anomaly. The chasm supposedly yawning between Southern ideology and national norms is wildly, though routinely, overstated. In a 2003 comprehensive study of Southern political attitudes, pollster Scott Keeter found folks still tilting to the right on many issues of race, immigration and the use of military force. But Southerners are just as likely as other Americans to support government regulation, strong environmental protection and social welfare. They're prochoice, too (though less than the rest of the country), and on another contentious "cultural" issue, gay civil unions, are just slightly less supportive than other Americans. Polls show that young Southern voters, along with the region's booming Hispanic population, lean Democratic.

Rather than diverging from national political patterns, Southerners continue their post–Jim Crow evolution toward the American mainstream. And Democrats continue to run screaming in the other direction.

There was one hopeful sign of a wake-up call after 2004, when Howard Dean was elected chair of the Democratic National Committee, declaring in his acceptance speech, "People will vote for Democrats in Texas, in Utah, in West Virginia if we knock on their doors." Dean's election had been assured by enthusiastic support from Southern and Western delegates—folks who were not supposed to embrace an antiwar Yankee. But alone among Democratic leaders, Dean had shown some understanding of the price his party was paying for insulting and neglecting red America—and of the best remedy.

Stating his intention of competing for the votes of "guys with Confederate flags on their pickup trucks" in November 2003, Dean set off howls of protest among party leaders and his rivals for the presidential nomination, who said he was simultaneously stereotyping white Southerners and offending blacks. But few of the complaints originated in Dixie. As they "stand on their soapboxes to castigate Dr. Dean's remarks," wrote the Rev. Joe Darby, vice president of the Charleston NAACP, "Democratic candidates and party leadership should bear in mind that black voters think for themselves." The previous February at a hamburger stand in Spartanburg, South Carolina, Dean had been applauded by black listeners when he said, "You know all those white guys riding around with Confederate flags in the back of their pickup trucks? Well, their kids don't have health insurance either." That same month, Dean had told a DNC meeting that white folks "who drive pickup trucks with Confederate flag decals in the back ought to be voting with us." Maynard Jackson praised his words as "very gutsy," while New Orleans native Donna Brazile called Dean's comments "the medicine to cure my depression."

Representative Jesse Jackson Jr., whose father's 1988 presidential campaign had some success building a biracial coalition around economic populism in the South and Midwest, was one of several black Congressional leaders to endorse Dean soon after the "flag flap" erupted. Jackson praised Dean for moving past the Democrats' "stereotypical and condescending approach of appealing to whites in the South with a 'balanced ticket' and 'social conservatism.' Dean dares a new approach—to join whites and blacks around a common economic agenda of good schools and healthcare."

But Dean's approach—both in his campaign and with his new "fifty-state strategy" for the DNC—was hardly a hit with white national party leaders, who complained bitterly about the expense of hiring Democratic organizers, in the words of ex-Clinton adviser Paul Begala, to "wander around Utah and Mississippi and pick their nose." In the 2006 midterms, national Democratic campaign committees shunned the fifty-state approach and backed only a handful of Democrats in the South. The chosen Southerners fit the "Republican Lite" mold to a T: social conservatives who emphasized "fiscal responsibility" and steered clear of calling for troop withdrawals in Iraq. The ideal Southern campaign, agreed Begala and his ilk, was Harold Ford Jr.'s lavishly financed Senate bid in Tennessee. Aiming to "out-Republican" his opponent, Ford spent the campaign bashing "illegals," waving the flag, ridiculing the very notion of gay marriage and calling up a quote from the Bible to address every issue.

Ford's loss was widely chalked up to race-baiting attack ads run by the Republican National Committee. But his defeat—like those of all but one of the Democrats' chosen candidates in the South last year—can also be viewed as a lesson in the limitations of Clintonian compromise. So can the results from the border South state of Kentucky, where self-described "liberal" John Yarmuth—whose pleas for national funds fell on deaf ears—pulled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did you ever read a book that changed your life? Here are 36 more.

Explore works that offer an extraordinary gift of wisdom in this 36-lecture series from The Teaching Company

Books That Have Made History: Books That Can Change Your Life is your gateway to three-dozen great works that will expand your horizons and change the way you look at the world. Some are probably already on your "must-read" list. Others you may already have read and are eager to tackle again, since a truly great book repays multiple visits.

Under the guidance of J. Rufus Fears, a three-time "Professor of the Year" at the University of Oklahoma, you will encounter the *Iliad, Bhagavad Gita, Gospel of Mark,* the *Koran, Beowulf, Divine Comedy, Faust, Walden, All Quiet on the Western Front, The Gulag Archipelago*, and many other outstanding works.

This course does not analyze the books in detail. Instead, Professor Fears takes the underlying idea of each great work and shows how these ideas can be put to use in a moral and ethical life. From the *Aeneid* and the Book of Job to *Othello* and *1984*, the selections range in time from the 3rd millennium B.C. to the 20th century, and in locale from Mesopotamia and China to Europe and America.

What is a great book? Profound themes, noble language, and universality are fundamental elements in a great book. But most important is the ability of such a book to speak to you as an individual and to influence your life and the ideals by which you live.

In Lecture 1, Professor Fears chooses as his first example Dietrich Bonhoeffer's *Letters and Papers from Prison*. Bonhoeffer was an anti-Nazi German theologian who chose a life of fighting the evil of totalitarianism over comfort and safety. In prison waiting to be executed, he read Plutarch, the Bible, and Plato. Bonhoeffer realized that such works could speak in a different voice at different times of life, in times of triumph or times of trial. His intellectual and spiritual journey provides a sterling example of an individual shaped by the lessons of the great books.

In later lectures you'll study *Gilgamesh* to see how a search for eternal life and an understanding of why we must die teaches us the greater importance of how we should live.

In the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, you'll see how words written as a means of self-education can become an enduring guidepost on the path to wisdom.

In comparing the funeral orations given by Pericles in Athens and Lincoln at Gettysburg, you'll experience two of the most profound statements ever made about the necessity for just wars.

In works by Confucius, Gandhi, Cicero, Gibbon, Churchill, and many others, you will find truly worthy guides to help you lead a fruitful, ethical, and examined life.

About Your Professor

Dr. J. Rufus Fears is David Ross Boyd Professor of Classics at the University of Oklahoma, where he holds the G.T. and Libby Blankenship Chair in the History of Liberty. He earned his Ph.D. from Harvard University. A 21-time award winner for outstanding teaching, he was Indiana University's first-ever Distinguished Faculty Research Lecturer. He has written four books and more than 100 articles and reviews.

About The Teaching Company

We review hundreds of top-rated professors from America's best colleges and universities each year. From this extraordinary group we choose only those rated highest by panels of our customers. Fewer than 10% of these world-class scholar-teachers are selected to make The Great Courses. We've been doing this since 1990, producing more than 2,000 hours of material in modern and ancient history, philosophy, literature, fine arts, the sciences, and mathematics for intelligent, engaged, adult lifelong learners. If a course is ever less than completely satisfying, you may exchange it for another or we will refund your money promptly.

Lecture Titles

Bonhoeffer, *Letters and Papers From Prison* ... Homer, *Iliad* ... Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations* ... *Bhagavad Gita* ... Book of Exodus ... Gospel of Mark ... Koran ... *Gilgamesh* ... *Beowulf* ... Book of Job ... Aeschylus, *Oresteia* ... Euripides, *Bacchae* ... Plato, *Phaedo* ... Dante, *The Divine Comedy* ... Shakespeare, *Othello, the Moor of Venice* ... Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound* ... Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago* ... Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar* ... George Orwell, *1984* ... Vergil, *Aeneid* ... Pericles, *Oration*; Lincoln, *Gettysburg Address* ... Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front* ... Confucius, *The Analects* ... Machiavelli, *The Prince* ... Plato, *Republic* ... John Stuart Mill, *On Liberty* ... Sir Thomas Malory, *Morte d'Arthur* ... Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*, Part 1 ... Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*, Part 2 ... Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* ... Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* ... Lord Acton, *The History of Freedom* ... Cicero, *On Moral Duties* (*De Officiis*) ... Gandhi, *An Autobiography* ... Churchill, *My Early Life*; *Painting as a Pastime*; *WWII* ... Lessons from the Great Books

THE TEACHING COMPANY®
The Joy of Lifelong Learning Every Day™
GREAT PROFESSORS, GREAT COURSES, GREAT VALUE GUARANTEED.™

About Our Sale Price Policy

Why is the sale price for this course so much lower than its standard price? Every course we make goes on sale at least once a year. Producing large quantities of only the sale courses keeps costs down and allows us to pass the savings on to you. This approach also enables us to fill your order immediately: 99% of all orders placed by 2:00 p.m. eastern time ship that same day. Order before February 19, 2007, to receive these savings.

SAVE UP TO $275!
OFFER GOOD UNTIL FEBRUARY 19, 2007

1-800-TEACH-12 (1-800-832-2412)
Fax: 703-378-3819

Special offer is available online at
www.TEACH12.com/2ntn

THE Great Courses®
THE TEACHING COMPANY®
4151 Lafayette Center Drive, Suite 100
Chantilly, VA 20151-1232

Priority Code 22646

Please send me **Books That Have Made History: Books That Can Change Your Life,** which consists of 36 half-hour lectures, with complete lecture outlines.

- ☐ **DVD $99.95** (std. price $374.95) **SAVE $275!** plus $15 shipping, processing, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ☐ **Audio CD $69.95** (std. price $269.95) **SAVE $200!** plus $10 shipping, processing, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ☐ **Audiotape $49.95** (std. price $199.95) **SAVE $150!** plus $10 shipping, processing, and lifetime satisfaction guarantee.
- ☐ **Check or Money Order Enclosed**

* Non-U.S. Orders: Additional shipping charges apply. For more details, call us or visit the FAQ page on our website.
**Virginia residents please add 5% sales tax.

Charge my credit card:

☐ VISA ☐ ☐ ☐

ACCOUNT NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

MAILING ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

PHONE *(If we have questions regarding your order—required for international orders)* _____

☐ **FREE CATALOG.** Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary).

Special offer is available online at www.TEACH12.com/2ntn
Offer Good Through: February 19, 2007

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off a startling upset in the state's 3rd Congressional District by running a campaign that was the antithesis of Ford's. "The mistake Democrats have made here over the years is that they never provided a sharp contrast," says Yarmuth, who bested five-term Republican incumbent Anne Northup. "I said from day one, 'Anne and I are 180 degrees apart. If she believes something, I don't.' I was that clear. I wanted the voters to have a real choice and see where they'd go." They went with the frank-talking, antiwar, labor-loving candidate his own party considered too "liberal" to win. Meanwhile, the two party-funded challengers in Kentucky, both staunch social conservatives aiming to join the Blue Dog Coalition in Congress, got their clocks cleaned. "There's a Beltway mentality that succumbs too much to conventional punditry," says Yarmuth. "The voters are way ahead of the Democrats and way ahead of Washington."

That was true in North Carolina, too, where blue-collar populist Larry Kissell challenged four-term incumbent Robin Hayes, the sixth-richest person in Congress. A mill worker turned high school teacher, Kissell ran the ultimate shoestring, grassroots campaign; in early October, when his GOP opponent reported $1.1 million cash on hand, Kissell trumpeted his campaign's balance: $89.94. "I'm sure my bank account looks a lot more like a typical 8th District voter than Hayes's," he said. This was making a virtue of necessity: Kissell's persistent pleas for help from the DCCC were ignored, even as the party spent more than $1 million on the nearby campaign of Christian conservative ex-quarterback Heath Shuler, who'd been personally recruited to run by DCCC chair Rahm Emanuel. Kissell had to make do with some backing from the netroots and John Edwards. Hopelessly outspent, he lost by 329 votes.

'If [voters] can be reached out to with respect... I think a lot of them will come back' to the Democratic Party. —Jim Webb

Democrats who bucked the script and offered Southerners a frank, unqualified brand of economic populism in 2006 were more successful than the Clinton clones—none more than Jim Webb, the Republican turned Democrat who unseated Senator George Allen in Virginia. Before Allen's infamous "macaca moment," Webb had also been shunned by the national party as a hopeless case. While antiwar sentiment boosted his chances, especially in the increasingly "blue" burbs of northern Virginia, Webb's campaign was fired by an old-fashioned pocketbook populism similar to the messages that won for Yarmuth, Claire McCaskill in Missouri, Jon Tester in Montana and Sherrod Brown in Ohio. Webb believes a strong, clear economic message is the only way for Democrats to reconnect with working-class and middle-class folks who started voting Republican in the 1980s. "The natural base of the Democratic Party looked at both parties and saw they had both been taken over by elites," Webb told me in September. "They could see they weren't going to get helped on economic issues. The one place they thought they could make a difference was on these divisive social issues manipulated by the Republicans. But now they know that's not going to happen. If they can be reached out to with respect, and in terms of fundamental fairness, I think a lot of them will come back."

The populist resurgence of 2006 suggests a way past the false dilemma Democrats have long believed they faced: Either ditch the South, or try to compete there with a "me too" message. Rather than attempt to "neutralize" the GOP Southern strategy by mimicking it, Webb, Yarmuth and McCaskill—all strongly prochoice, antiwar and outspokenly opposed to wedge issues like anti–gay marriage initiatives and restrictions on stem-cell research—reasserted economic fairness as the central "moral" issue of politics. That will be key not only to attracting moderate evangelicals increasingly fed up with the narrowness and corruption of Republican "values" but also to firing up black voters in the South, who take a back seat to no one as strong Bible believers. A fresh, progressive "moral populism" could also help sway a lasting majority of Hispanics into the Democratic fold. "It's a toss-up at this point whether people will go Democratic or Republican," says former State Senator Sam Zamarripa of Georgia, a leading advocate for the South's booming immigrant population. "On the one side, a lot of people are going evangelical; but a lot are also seeing that the politics that prevail in Republican America are not working to their benefit."

An emphasis on the "value" of economic fairness (along with other Democratic issues popular with moderate evangelicals, including environmental stewardship) could help bridge those moral and pragmatic concerns—and help Democrats forge a new progressive coalition that cuts through racial divisions. "The greatest gap in the Democratic 'narrative,'" *Washington Post* columnist E.J. Dionne recently wrote in *The American Prospect*, "is a plausible account of how moral and economic concerns interact. That's the real 'values' nexus."

"Today the Democratic Party stands between two great forces," an eminent populist once said. "On one side stand the corporate interests of the nation, its moneyed institutions, its aggregations of wealth and capital, imperious, arrogant, compassionless.... On the other side stands the unnumbered throng which gave a name to the Democratic Party and for which it has presumed to speak. Work-worn and dust-begrimed, they make their mute appeal, and too often find their cry for help beat in vain against the outer walls."

That was 33-year-old William Jennings Bryan, the South's favorite "prairie populist," shaking the rafters on Capitol Hill in 1893. The Democratic Party then stood at a crossroads similar to today's. Republicans had ruled national politics for decades, with Democrats offering an ever-more-mushy centrist alternative. When they heeded Bryan's populist call, the party began its transformation into the progressive force behind Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom and Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal—both more enthusiastically supported in the South than anywhere else.

Once again, the throng is restless—and large, as it now includes "the millions of middle-class citizens who have been whipsawed by the greedy elite," notes Southern author John Egerton. "Now, all that stands between these loyal, hard-working Americans and a permanent condition of underclass subjugation is the Democratic Party."

Just as it was in 1896, a new Democratic populism is anathema to party leaders who've counseled centrism as a way to neutralize not only Republican cultural populism but also the flow of corporate cash into GOP coffers. For many rank-and-file Democrats

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the blue states, embracing a new economic populism would mean letting loose of the old Southern myths—which might be an even stiffer obstacle. The South has long amounted to little more than a swirl of stereotypes in the national mind (see *Gone With the Wind*; please do not see *Forrest Gump*). Many non-Southern progressives still see the region as a dank, magnolia-scented Otherworld where the cultural obsessions of race, religion and rifles hold white voters together in an unbreakable sway, making it hopeless terrain for planting any politics to the left of Jefferson Davis or Jerry Falwell.

"The Southern mystique," liberal historian Howard Zinn calls it in his 1964 book of the same title. The "notion that the South is more than just 'different,' that it is distinct from the rest of the nation...an inexplicable variant from the national norm," is a false exaggeration, wrote Zinn, that "feeds self-righteousness in the North.... And it stands so firmly and so high on a ledge of truth that one must strain to see the glitter of deception in its eye." Forty years later, Jacob Levenson, writing in the *Columbia Journalism Review* about media coverage of the South during the 2004 campaign, echoed Zinn in identifying an important reason the myth persists even today: "The country, and by natural extension the press, often use the South as a convenient box to contain all sorts of problems, situations and conditions that are national in scope: race, white poverty, the cultural rift forming between the religious and the secular, guns, abortion, gay marriage...the contours of American morality, and the identity of the major political parties."

Good thing it's a big box. And getting bigger—no, not just because fundamentalists are making babies at a record clip. It's also thanks to the millions of Yankees who've gone South in search of better jobs and cheaper McMansions; a thirty-year "remigration" of blacks from the industrial North; and the nation's fastest-growing Hispanic population for more than a decade and counting. By the 2032 elections, the South is expected to control almost 40 percent of the electoral votes for President—more than the shrinking Northeast and Midwest combined.

And yet a stubborn belief in the poor, backward, reactionary cracker South of myth still shapes and distorts American politics. By surrendering the region, Democrats have simultaneously abandoned the old hope of a durable national progressive majority. They have passively allowed right-wingers to build a mighty fortress for the defense of free-market excess in a region that is home to almost half—47 percent—of the Americans who call themselves populists. They have allowed economic, racial and cultural divisions to fester. And now, even with the Republicans' Southern strategy wearing thin, they are lurching toward an even more dramatic break with the South.

It ain't wise, and it ain't right. I can't say it better than Chris Kromm, director of the liberal Institute for Southern Studies in Durham, North Carolina. "For Democrats to turn their back on a region that half of all African-Americans and a growing number of Latinos call home, a place devastated by Hurricane Katrina, plant closings, poverty and other indignities—in short, for progressives to give up on the very place where they could argue they are needed most—would rightfully be viewed as a historic retreat from the party's commitment to justice for all." ■

A TRANSFORMINIC LOOK AT MUSEUMS

Museum Frictions
Public Cultures/
Global Transformations

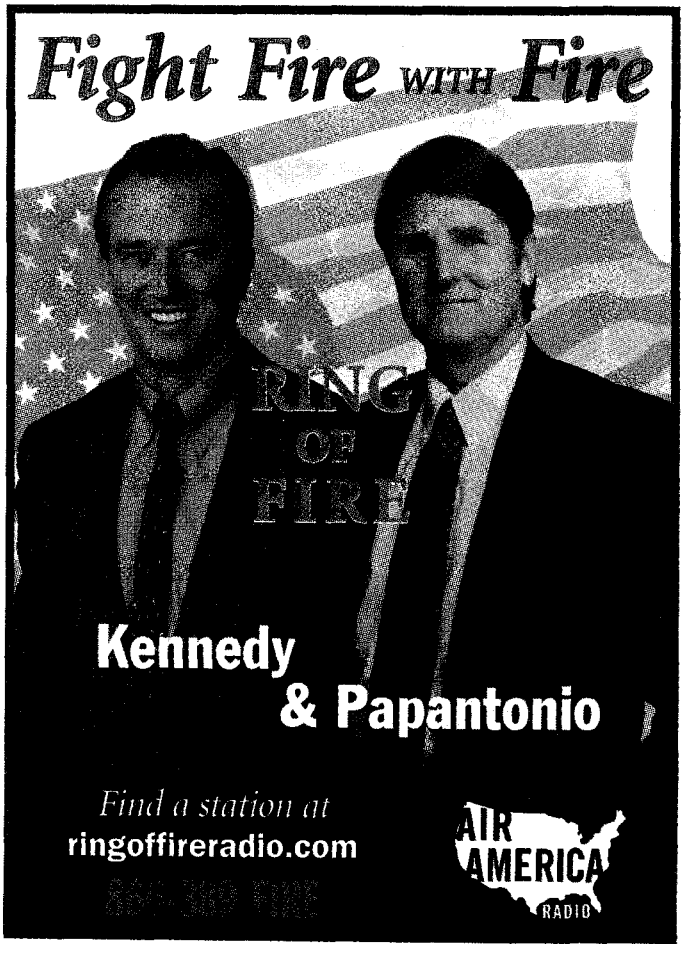
EDITED BY IVAN KARP, CORINNE A. KRATZ, LYNN SZWAJA, & TOMÁS YBARRA-FRAUSTO
WITH GUSTAVO BUNTINX, BARBARA KIRSHENBLATT-GIMBLETT, & CIRAJ RASSOOL

632 pages, 70 b&w photos, 2 maps, paperback $27.95

"This marvelous and broad-ranging compendium by an eminent group of scholars provides a thinking person's guide to contemporary museum work. . . ."—Richard Kurin, Director of the Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage, Smithsonian Institution

"*Museum Frictions* is a landmark publication. . . ."
—Ruth B. Phillips, coeditor of *Sensible Objects: Colonialism, Museums, and Material Culture*

Duke University Press toll-free 1-888-651-0122 www.dukeupress.edu
available at fine bookstores and online retailers



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JANNA BROWER

IMPEACHMENT

The Case in Favor

ELIZABETH HOLTZMAN

Approximately a year ago, I wrote in this magazine that President George W. Bush had committed high crimes and misdemeanors and should be impeached and removed from office. His impeachable offenses include using lies and deceptions to drive the country into war in Iraq, deliberately and repeatedly violating the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) on wiretapping in the United States, and facilitating the mistreatment of US detainees in violation of the Geneva Conventions and the War Crimes Act of 1996.

Since then, the case against President Bush has, if anything, been strengthened by reports that he personally authorized CIA abuse of detainees. In addition, courts have rejected some of his extreme assertions of executive power. The Supreme Court ruled that the Geneva Conventions apply to the treatment of detainees, and a federal judge ruled that the President could not legally ignore FISA. Even Attorney General Alberto Gonzales's recent announcement that the wiretapping program would from now on operate under FISA court supervision strongly suggests that Bush's prior claims that it could not were untrue.

Despite scant attention from the mainstream media, since last year impeachment has won a wide audience. Amid a flurry of blogs, books and articles, a national grassroots movement has sprung up. In early December seventy-five pro-impeachment rallies were held around the country and pro-impeachment efforts are planned for Congressional districts across America. A *Newsweek* poll, conducted just before election day, showed 51 percent of Americans believed that impeachment of President Bush should be either a high or lower priority; 44 percent opposed it entirely. (Compare these results with the 63 percent of the public who in the fall of 1998 opposed President Clinton's impeachment.) Most Americans understand the gravity of President Bush's constitutional misconduct.

Former Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman is the author of The Impeachment of George W. Bush.

Public anger at Bush has been mounting. On November 7 voters swept away Republican control of the House and Senate. The President's poll numbers continue to drop.

These facts should signal a propitious moment for impeachment proceedings to start. Yet House Speaker Nancy Pelosi has taken impeachment "off the table." (Impeachment proceedings must commence in the House of Representatives.) Her position doesn't mean impeachment is dead; it simply means a different route to it has to be pursued. Congressional investigations must start, and public pressure must build to make the House act.

This is no different from what took place during Watergate. In 1973 impeachment was not "on the table" for many months while President Nixon's cover-up unraveled, even though Democrats controlled the House and Senate. But when Nixon fired the special prosecutor to avoid making his White House tapes public, the American people were outraged and put impeachment on the table, demanding that Congress act. That can happen again.

Congressional and other investigations that previously found serious misconduct in the Nixon White House made the public's angry reaction to the firing of the special prosecutor—and the House response with impeachment proceedings—virtually inevitable. Early in 1973, once it appeared that the cover-up might involve the White House, the Senate created a select committee to investigate. The committee held hearings and uncovered critical evidence, including the existence of a White House taping system that could resolve the issue of presidential complicity. The Senate also forced the Attorney General to appoint a special prosecutor to investigate Watergate. Other committees looked into related matters. None of the investigations were prompted by the idea of impeachment. Still, they laid the groundwork for it—and the evidence they turned up was used by the House impeachment panel to prepare articles of impeachment against Nixon.

The same approach can govern now. Senate and House committees must commence serious investigations that could uncover more evidence to support impeachment. The investigations should ascertain the full extent of the President's deceptions, exaggerations and lies that drove us into the Iraq War. (They can simply in effect resurrect Republican Senator Howard Baker's famous questions about Richard Nixon: "What did the President

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know and when did he know it?") Congress should also explore the wiretapping that has violated the FISA law, the President's role in mistreatment of detainees and his gross indifference to the catastrophe facing the residents of New Orleans from Katrina.

Investigations should also be conducted into Vice President Cheney's meetings with oil company executives at the outset of the Administration. If divvying up oil contracts in Iraq were discussed, as some suggest, this would help prove that the Iraq War had been contemplated well before 9/11, and that a key motivation was oil. Inquiries into Halliburton's multibillion-dollar no-bid contracts should also be conducted, particularly given Cheney's ties to the company.

White House documents about Katrina that have not already been turned over to Congress should be sought to document further the President's failure to discharge his constitutional duty to help the people of New Orleans.

Our country's Founders provided the power of impeachment to prevent the subversion of the Constitution. President Bush has subverted and defied the Constitution in many ways. His defiance and his subversion continue.

Failure to impeach Bush would condone his actions. It would allow him to assume he can simply continue to violate the laws on wiretapping and torture and violate other laws as well without fear of punishment. He could keep the Iraq War going or expand it even further than he just has on the basis of more lies, deceptions and exaggerations. Remember, as recently as October 26, Bush said, "Absolutely, we are winning" the war in Iraq—a blatant falsehood. Worse still, if Congress fails to act, Bush might be emboldened to believe he may start another war, perhaps against Iran, again on the basis of lies, deceptions and exaggerations.

There is no remedy short of impeachment to protect us from this President, whose ability to cause damage in the next two years is enormous. If we do not act against Bush, we send a terrible message of impunity to him and to future Presidents and mark a clear path to despotism and tyranny. Succeeding generations of Americans will never forgive us for lacking the nerve to protect our democracy. ■

The Case Against

SANFORD LEVINSON

It would be wonderful to evict George W. Bush—quite possibly the worst President in our entire history—from the White House. Thus one can readily understand the temptation to talk about impeaching him. But we should recognize that this conversation is triggered not only by Bush's own performance as President but also, and perhaps more important, by one of the greatest defects of the Constitution, the impeachment clause. Thanks to the Founders, we were given a Constitution that perversely makes us "better off" with a criminal in the White House instead of someone who is "merely" grotesquely incompetent. The reason is that the Constitution provides us with a language to get rid of a criminal President, but it provides us no language, or process, for terminating the tenure of an incompetent one. Unfortunately, this was a deliberate decision by the Framers, who rejected an altogether sensible proposal to make "maladministration" an impeachable offense for fear that this would give Congress too much power.

Only because of the Constitution are serious progressives engaging in an entirely fruitless campaign to impeach Bush by describing him as a criminal. It is fruitless for two quite different reasons. The first, and more practical, is that there is simply no possibility that Bush will actually be removed from office in the twenty-four months that unfortunately remain to him. One might well contemplate impeachment if there were a possibility of its being successful. But the House Democratic leadership has rejected the idea, not least because there is no possibility that the constitutionally required two-thirds of a nearly evenly divided Senate would vote to convict an impeached George W. Bush. Thus, advocates of impeachment are in effect supporting a strategy doomed not only to fail but also to be perceived by most of the country as a dangerous distraction from the pressing problems facing the country.

House Republicans in 1998, who knew for certain that Bill Clinton would never be convicted by the Senate, could behave with reckless abandon in part because much of the country did not perceive itself as facing grave problems. Democrats today do not have that luxury.

But there is a second reason to be wary of the impeachment conversation: It inevitably becomes a highly legalistic one about exactly what constitutes "high crimes and misdemeanors." It is not enough that the President be a criminal; he must be a criminal of a certain gravity. If there is anything the country needs less at this point than a self-defeating political strategy, it is the further domination of public debate by lawyers trading jargon-ridden charges and countercharges about the criminal liability of the President. Almost no one was genuinely edified by the legal debate that occurred in 1998. Most of the public believed that most of the lawyers—or at least those on "the other side"—who participated in that debate were motivated by partisan political considerations. The same would be true today.

Although I admire some of those calling for impeachment, one should recognize that some of their ostensibly legal claims are all too dubious. Consider the charge that Bush lied to the country during the run-up to the war, which may well be true. If lying to the public about matters of grave importance were an impeachable offense, however, almost no President—including, for starters, Franklin Roosevelt and his deceptions regarding lend-lease—would survive. It is even more difficult to construct criminality out of Bush's reckless disregard of the consequences of Katrina. It is not, however, at all difficult to accuse him of maladministration and disqualifying incompetence.

American politics would be infinitely better if we could avoid legalistic mumbo-jumbo and accusations of criminality and cut to what is surely the central reality: The American people have exhibited a fundamental loss of confidence in a wartime President/Commander in Chief. In most political systems around the

Sanford Levinson, a professor of law at the University of Texas Law School, is the author of Our Undemocratic Constitution: Where the Constitution Goes Wrong (and How We the People Can Correct It).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, the response to such a stinging rebuke would be resignation or removal. But we are trapped in a constitutional iron cage devised by eighteenth-century Framers who, however wise, had no conception of the role the presidency would come to play in American (and world) politics. The US President should be treated as what Ross Perot aptly called an "employee" of the American people, vulnerable to being fired for gross incompetence in office. Instead, he is given the prerogatives of a feudal lord of the manor who owns the White House as his personal property until the end of the presidential term, with almost dictatorial power over decisions of foreign and military policy.

Far better than a politically pointless—and almost certainly counterproductive—campaign to impeach George W. Bush would be the initiation of a serious discussion of the extent to which we are disserved, in 2007, by a political system devised for an entirely different era. However divided we might be, most Americans might be persuaded that we would all be better off if future Presidents could face the possibility of a Congressional vote of "no confidence" that would trigger eviction from the White House. Perhaps that discussion, too, would be doomed, given both the preposterous reverence that Americans have for the Constitution and the near-impossibility of constitutional amendment because of the hurdles placed by Article V in the way of amendment. But at least such a discussion would focus on the most important feature of the Bush Administration—its gross incompetence—in a language that could readily be understood by any attentive citizen rather than quickly degenerate into an arcane (and acrimonious) discussion among constitutional lawyers.

Moreover, and even more important, whereas an attempted impeachment would be guaranteed to be maximally divisive, this might be the perfect time to hold a serious national conversation about whether we should have an alternative to the cumbersome impeachment process to remove an incompetent President. The reason, paradoxically, is that because of our very political divisions, it is impossible to know who will be President in 2009. The stars are aligned for a truly bipartisan discussion, among serious Democrats and Republicans alike, over the extent to which we are well served by the eighteenth-century Constitution, since members of both parties are behind a "veil of ignorance" as to who would benefit from any changes. Even the most partisan among them have every incentive to think of the national interest, since it is impossible to discern what the party's interest will turn out to be.

Perhaps if we took the citizenry seriously and engaged them in an adult conversation about the dysfunctionality generated by the present Constitution, we might be able to escape its iron cage in the future—even if not, alas, before the expiration of Bush's term of office in January 2009. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

made one shudder to look at them. Benj gave the usual trouble, just as Dink and Nebby Lou did last time: "But how do you know they're bad?" Trying not to get into a long argument, I said, "by the backs of their necks" (which were classic: huge and beefy). "Just like the guys down South," Benj complained. "You shouldn't be against someone just because of the color of his neck." Hopeless child, I should never have let you inveigle him to that Unitarian Sunday School....

BENJAMIN TREUHAFT

DIDN'T MY LORD DELIVER DANIEL!

Bethesda, Md.

■ Daniel Lazare's review ["God's Willing Executioners," Dec. 11] is a welcome corrective to the myths about the Crusades on which we were raised. I still own a few boyhood enameled lead knights. I will immediately melt them down and dispatch them to a hazardous waste facility. Lazare's evenhandedness toward the butchery of both sides is especially appreciated. So is his portrayal of Christianity by the sword as a phenomenon of medieval Roman Catholicism and the Holy Roman Empire.

But too many progressives use the sins of the past and a very broad, bristly brush to tar all forms of modern faith by allusions to "the Church," "Christians" or "religious extremists." I'm afraid that brother Daniel gets trapped in this lion's den when he takes out after gentle Jesus and tries to paint him as a militant extremist whose teachings may have generated genocide. Those imperial Catholic armies were pumped up because Jesus opined that those who live by the sword die by the sword?

Lazare concludes by insulting those of us who think we can combine faith and reason. As a progressive Christian, I ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round, nor stand for intolerance dressed up in secular sackcloth! My faith, the United Church of Christ, boasts Howard Dean and Barack Obama among its faith-benighted members. It has given us New England colleges, the defense of the Amistad mutineers, abolition, feminism, gay rights (and ministers) and opposition to the Iraq War. I've protested and prayed in UCC pews alongside fellow nuts Bill Coffin, Bob Edgar and Bill Moyers. It's time for Daniel to be delivered—to show more faith in his modern Christian allies.

BOB MUSIL

LAZARE REPLIES

New York City

■ I didn't say Jesus was "a militant extremist whose teachings may have generated genocide." To the contrary, I said it really doesn't matter what he preached, since the real problem has to do with divine revelation, by definition an event of earth-shattering importance that cannot "be proven according to the normal rules of evidence" and instead "must be taken on faith." There is no way to make someone believe in the Resurrection, the virgin birth or anything else for which there is neither logic nor evidence other than at the point of a sword, which is why even the gentlest religion winds up being violent and tyrannical.

I also said that "Christian pacifism reflects a kind of inward-directed violence that can all too easily be turned in the opposite direction." Musil's letter illustrates this perfectly since I detect a clear note of anger beneath its jolly tone. Why does he accuse me of "insulting" those who seek to combine reason and faith when all I said is that they are wrong?

DANIEL LAZARE

QUIVERFULL CONVICTION

Bayville, NJ

■ For the history-repeats-itself buff, there's a disturbing similarity between the Quiverfull birth campaign [Kathryn Joyce, " 'Arrows for the War,'" Nov. 27] and the Nazi Mother's Cross program, which encouraged German women to compete in a sort of fertility Olympics. The emphasis here, of course, is on religious rather than racial purity. But the call to populate the state with future "soldiers" is nearly identical.

MEGAN RUISCH

Meriden, Conn.

■ Why was no mention made of the origin of the word "Quiverfull"? It comes from Anthony Trollope's wonderful novel *Barchester Towers*. Poor Reverend Quiverfull had all he could manage after he was presented by his loving wife with fourteen children. Find a copy. Happy reading!

KATHERINE DORSEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bombay Confidential

CARL BROMLEY

SACRED GAMES.
By Vikram Chandra.
HarperCollins. 916 pp. $27.95.

A decade ago Vikram Chandra was one of the golden boys of Indian lit, his short fiction appearing in *The New Yorker*, his massive first novel, *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* (1995), published to strong acclaim. *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* seemed to conform to what Western publishers and readers were craving from India at the time; like one of John Barth's big novels from the 1960s, it was a wild and exotic romp that spanned centuries and continents with a typewriting monkey protagonist. Hailed as a "magic-realist blockbuster," the novel invited the usual comparisons with Salman Rushdie—one critic even suggested Chandra was "leapfrogging Rushdie."

But while Chandra displayed no shortage of talent and imagination, one's vision around this time began to blur amid the proliferation of outsize novels coming from the subcontinent—books that seemed "as big as India," as one writer remarked of *Red Earth and Pouring Rain*. Another reviewer quipped: "Entire forests have gone to blade in the past decade or so to make way for the current crop of Indian novelists writing in English." Void of the slight note of condescension, these sentiments were echoed by Bengali novelist Amit Chaudhuri, who fretted that the big, bustling novels of Rushdie, Rohinton Mistry and Vikram Seth were overshadowing the equally strong traditions of short story and novella writing in India. The assumption, Chaudhuri argued, "is the tautological idea that since India is a huge baggy monster, the novels that accommodate it have to be baggy monsters as well." *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* was, for all its pleasures, one of those "baggy monsters," and one craved simplicity and more control.

Carl Bromley, editorial director of Nation Books, writes on Indian pop culture and cinema.

One found that in abundance in Chandra's next book, *Love and Longing in Bombay* (1997), a jewel of a short story collection. There his prose cascaded through his beloved city like Christopher Doyle's freewheeling camera in Wong Kar Wai's movies. Chandra seemed more at ease with the long-form short story, which played to his gifts as a storyteller yet held his youthful verbosity in check. *Love and Longing in Bombay* also succeeded as an enduring portrait of Bombay's naughty '90s, reminiscent of Fitzgerald's interwar tales. There was raw romantic agony and an unbridled sexual hunger in these stories. (The story "Kama" is justly celebrated for its eight-page sex scene, one of the most bittersweet break-up fucks in modern letters.)

Chandra also deftly incorporated elements of Indian popular culture, along with B-genres—romance, mystery, ghost stories, soldier stories, gangster stories—in a manner unique for Indian fiction at the time. It wasn't just his knowledge of popular culture that struck the reader; it was the lack of condescension or Rushdie-style parody. Perhaps the secret of Chandra's success could be explained by his close relationship to the city's film industry. While many Indian writers have Bollywood in their blood, Chandra has it in his bones, too. His mother has written scripts for some of the most popular Hindi movies; his sister Tanuja is an emerging director in the same industry; another sister, Anupama, is a seasoned film journalist; and his brother-in-law is Vidhu Vinod Chopra, whose film *Parinda* is hands down the most powerful and influential Hindi gangster film of the last two decades, admired and quoted by Bombay's dons for its authenticity. Chandra, too, has dabbled in the industry; he is a co-writer of Chopra's film *Mission Kashmir*, with

After nearly ten years of silence, Indian novelist Vikram Chandra has published an epic thriller about the city of Bombay.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suketu Mehta, whose nonfiction paean to Bombay, *Maximum City*, raised the bar, too high perhaps, for others writing about this city.

But after *Love and Longing* Chandra went quiet on us for almost a decade, which is a daring thing for any writer to do these days, especially since the book industry seems to be suffering from long-term memory loss. The world—and India's place in it—has changed greatly since the publication of his story collection: His subject and themes are far more visible globally, and Bombay has undergone a far more intense literary mapping, courtesy of Mehta but also, among others, Gregory David Roberts, author of the international bestseller *Shantaram*. That new world is, in many respects, Chandra's theme in his epic crime novel *Sacred Games*, an infernal history of Bombay and India in the last decade.

Like a typical police procedural, *Sacred Games* begins with a day in the life of a cop named Sartaj Singh, whom readers of *Love and Longing* will remember as one half of that eight-page coupling in "Kama." Sartaj is a tough guy who has what it takes to work the streets as a detective, but he stands out in his milieu for his chivalry, his religion (Sikh) and, not least, for not being quite as on the take as his colleagues—or as his corrupt and politically influential boss, Parulkar, a protégé of Sartaj's father, who was a legend on the Bombay police force.

As we follow Sartaj on his travels, Chandra's tone is light, ironical, rather like that of Carl Hiaasen. Sartaj is called to mediate a warring upper-middle-class couple's dispute; he finds the wife wielding a knife at hubby after hubby has thrown her prized dog out the window. But as with any noir, the novel's texture soon grows darker. A dead teenager's body is found in a *basti*, a working-class area full of poor Muslim immigrants from Bangladesh. Someone needs roughing up in the station. And then a late night tip-off, but this time a once-in-your-career tip-off: "Do you want Ganesh Gaitonde?" For Sartaj, a "divorced police inspector with middling professional prospects," this is manna. Gaitonde, long rumored to have been in exile, is the head of one of Bombay's most formidable "companies"—a common euphemism for the city's crime families. In fact, Gaitonde is such a prize that Sartaj's partner, Katekar—who talks of the *bhai* (mafia don) as if he were a film star—asks when they arrive at his suspected hide-out, "But you're sure you want to make him yours? Why not wait for someone senior to arrive?"

Sartaj, however, perseveres. While he and his partner perspire in extreme heat, trying to talk the notorious *bhai* out of his redoubt, Gaitonde, basking in his air-conditioned bunker, passes the afternoon by goading them with insult and legend. Eventually a bulldozer is summoned. While the driver musters the courage to destroy the building, Sartaj begins to brood on questions that will ultimately lie at the heart of the novel's mystery: "What was Gaitonde doing back in the city? Who was the informant who had given him to Sartaj?" Sartaj doesn't get any of his answers that afternoon. When he and his men storm the bunker, they find Gaitonde dead from a self-inflicted gunshot wound—and, in another room, the corpse of an unknown woman, probably the *bhai*'s last moll, and a stash of new Indian currency. The mystery deepens when shadowy figures from the world of Indian intelligence continue to be intrigued by the dead *bhai*. Where did all that new currency come from? And why did Gaitonde's final lair turn out to be a nuclear bunker? These questions are given an extra twist when we learn that Gaitonde "was connected to certain very important people, to events at a national level. Whatever brought him back here, that could have an effect on future events." So Sartaj stays on the case, as a proxy for figures from the upper echelons of India's secret state.

Sacred Games begins with a day in the life of a cop, but it's not every day you discover the corpses of a mafia don and his moll.

Like a sculptor making small, delicate chips in stone, Chandra moves things along at a measured pace, building his characters, finding glorious little details in the minutiae of everyday Bombay life, yet remaining sharply focused on the main thrust of his detective story. Perhaps what is so compelling about the first third of *Sacred Games* is the way Chandra opens up the guts of the Bombay police department. Whole sections of the force seem subcontracted by the very gangsters from whom they are sworn to protect the public; class, caste and confessional resentments play out bitterly; and everyone in uniform, it seems, takes kickbacks and bribes, some, like Parulkar, for personal enrichment. Those who still take pride in the job, in a good day's detective work, reinvest the ill-gotten gains in their poorly funded department.

This milieu has been portrayed vividly and unsparingly in *Maximum City*, where Mehta had a ringside seat at beatings meted out by Bombay's finest, and in S. Hussain Zaidi's true-crime *Black Friday*, a pioneering look at the massive police investigation into the March 12, 1993, bombings in Bombay. (*Sacred Games* is dedicated to Zaidi.) But Chandra's is a first for Indian fiction, and in its realism, its torrents of cop banter and casual slurs, and moments of poignant ordinariness—Sartaj's restless, lonely nights—one is reminded of Bertrand Tavernier's gritty movie *L.627*, John Burdett's Bangkok thrillers and even the world-weary law-enforcement heroes in the novels of Joseph Wambaugh and Richard Price.

Gaitonde's story runs through all this like an expressway, a counterpoint to Sartaj's attempt to piece together the mystery of Gaitonde's life. Gaitonde's voice has a ghostly inflection—"So, Sardar-ji, are you listening still? Are you somewhere in this world with me?"—and you wonder if this is coming from beyond the grave or from the demented last hours before he shot himself. (I'll admit: I'm still not sure.) Just as Sartaj's detective story follows obvious generic convention—he loses his buddy-partner and falls for the dead woman's sister—so Gaitonde is a Hindi hybrid of Jay Gatsby and *Scarface*'s Tony Montana, whose motto, "The world is yours," could be his own. Gaitonde's story is the familiar one of the small-time hood who carves out enough territory to become a don with strong international connections, unassailable political contacts and film-star girlfriends. What breathes new life into this story is the pungently metaphorical voice Chandra gives Gaitonde, an alliterative and lyrical English blended with *basti* Hindi that makes him as engaging a narrator as Martin Amis's John Self in *Money*.

Gaitonde is a nimble and accomplished gangster and, when need be, a cold-blooded killer; but he's plagued by mortal thoughts and the discovery that not everything can be solved with a payoff or a hit. He may be able to steal an election or liquidate an adversary, but he cannot reverse the box-office failure of the first Hindi blockbuster film he produces, or even truly know the heart of his actress girlfriend, Zoya Mirza, whose career he bankrolled. Does Zoya fuck him because she loves him or because she fears him? As she tells Sartaj, "He played the part of Ganesh Gaitonde even when he was alone with himself.... He was a short man trying to act like some big hero." The struggle of Ganesh Gaitonde is often his interior struggle with his Bollywood legend.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secret of Super Luxury Hotel Bedrooms Revealed

Hypo-allergenic down alternative creates sumptuous, healthy comforter that is beyond comfortable.

Recently when I checked in to an elegant five diamond hotel, all that I could think about was hitting the bed and getting a good night's sleep. But when I hit that gorgeous bed, I was stunned by the most luxurious feeling comforter and pillow. It felt like the comforter and pillow had the finest, softest goose down filling wrapped in a silky plush cover. With a lavish bed like this, I felt like it was worth the high cost of checking in. I immediately wanted to order these comforters and pillows for my own home to make my bed feel this sumptuous, so I inquired at the front desk. The front desk manager let me in on a little secret. I was shocked to find out that it wasn't goose down at all but a new hypoallergenic down alternative called ***Beyond Down***—and it was beyond comfortable.

The luxury and warmth of down without the feathers—*or the cost.* Even better, the price on ***Beyond Down*** was much more reasonable than the plucked alternative. You see, down comforters routinely sell for over $425 (queen size) but the super silky ***Beyond Down*** comforter only costs much less and now you can try this plush, luxurious comforter for only $19.95 for 30 days (see details). The ***Beyond Down*** pillow and comforter are packed with the equivalent of 600 fill power European goose down but our revolutionary fill lasts longer and is hypoallergenic. The ***Beyond Down*** comforter is wrapped in a top of the line 300 thread count jacquard weave cover and is machine washable. Goose down comforters often loose their shape when laundered but the revolutionary ***Beyond Down*** bounces right back to its original silky condition. The quality of this product is so spectacular that it carries a 10-year warranty. That kind of warranty is unheard of in fine linens.

Beyond Down

*Our **Beyond Down** bedding provides the feel and function of the finest white goose down. The fill, a marvel of technology called "Micro-Gel Fiber," moves as you move, gently supporting your head and neck for the ultimate sleep comfort. **Beyond Down** pillows are an excellent hypo-allergenic alternative to goose down for those who may be allergic to the dust in natural down.*

Beyond Down lets you upgrade your bedroom to beyond comfortable.

Try this fantastic comforter with our exclusive in-home trial for ONLY $19.95! You can try the Beyond Down Comforter for just the cost of shipping and handling—***only $19.95.*** If you're not in love with your new bed partner in 30 days, just return it and you will never be billed. We guarantee that you will love the silky, luxurious feel of the Beyond Down Bedding.

Beyond Down Comforter special 30-day in-home trial—*just pay shipping and handling* only $19.95!*
(specify twin, full/queen, or king)

**Keep the Beyond Down Comforter and after 30 days your credit card will be charged for the full purchase price: $149.95 for twin; $199.95 for full/queen or $229.95 for king.*

Promotional Code BDN106-02

Please mention this code when you call.

Call to order toll-free,
24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

800-482-9124

Nextten
14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. BDN106-02
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.nextten.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gaitonde's mortal questions are compounded by the city itself, a caldron of financial corruption, ethno-religious fanaticism and relentless globalization where the shots are called by hoodlums more than by politicians (when they can be distinguished). Time really is out of joint here. The movies aren't the same anymore, the political giants of the golden age of Indian nationalism have been replaced by "small men" who have renamed the city Mumbai. The city, as Sartaj complains to himself, is "too vast... impossible to know, or escape." (Even the crafty Parulkar looks like he's about to be outpaced by the city's new right-wing masters.) "If you want to live in the city," someone tells Gaitonde, "you have to think ahead three turns." Gaitonde embraces Bombay's modernity; the sacred and the retrospective are mere artifice. Once, when asked where he's from, he says it doesn't matter—he's cut his past "with a scalpel." He's rather like any of the other thousands who try to reinvent themselves in Bombay's City of Gold. But the life of a hard-living "secular don" creates a void that makes Gaitonde easy prey to the Gothic political forces scything through Bombay and India.

When the local Hindi fascists enlist Gaitonde's services in stealing an election, he helps them out for the cash, but when they proceed to address him as a fellow Hindu, he resists their blandishments. A pseudo–Robin Hood figure, he takes pride in the multifaith *basti* he rules and the company he commands (a classic Hindi gangster film trope). And even when he helps to drive Muslim families from his territory during the 1992 riots, his incentives are "purely" financial rather than confessional. But in the atmosphere of post-riot Bombay, where communal tensions run high and the gangs start to fragment along religious lines, he is anointed (and takes advantage of becoming) a "true Hindu leader." And like his mother country, he moves from the secular to the post-secular and becomes entangled in a nuclear nightmare. Gaitonde is never quite at home with this new identity: "becoming Ganesh Gaitonde the Hindu bhai was itself an act of murder," he laments, "it was the murder of a thousand and one other selves." But it is for him a necessary death. His embrace of a Hindu identity propels him into the arms of a religious zealot, Guru-ji—who becomes the novel's swami Moriarty—and into cosmic violence and mass murder, which culminates in the ultimate act of purification, the assassination of Bombay.

In *Maximum City* Suketu Mehta remembers the exact moment when he discovered that the romantic city of his youth had become a place of scam and violence. "This fucking city," he writes (channeling, perhaps, Travis Bickle). "The sea should rush in over these islands in one great tidal wave and obliterate it, cover it underwater. It should be bombed from the air." This is a common, visceral response. Many of the characters in *Sacred Games* fantasize the destruction of their own city, as if governed by a collective death wish. "Maybe one day it'll all just fall apart," Sartaj muses, "and there was a certain gratification in that thought too. Let the maderchod"—motherfucker—"blow."

In Chandra's Bombay, nearly everyone is on the make or on the take, and the politicians and the hoodlums are hard to tell apart.

But this death wish reaches truly phantasmagoric proportions when Guru-ji plans to unleash nuclear fire on Bombay. And it is this prospect of nuclear annihilation that restores Sartaj's affection for his city—as well as Chandra's love and longing for it; Bombay, from now on, emerges more strongly as a metaphysical presence. Sartaj rages, "What do these bastards have against Bombay? They don't mention any other cities?" Gaitonde, too, is shaken by the thought of Bombay being reduced to a million "stinking corpses," to the point of breaking with Guru-ji. Thus the two parallel narrative lines that Gaitonde and Sartaj inhabit become fused; across the thick of time and space the cop and the gangster become, in a sense, allies in their attempt to save Bombay from annihilation.

Sacred Games quakes with seismic historical shocks, as if Chandra were intent on blasting open India's historically amnesiac present, a time when India (or at least its media and its political class) is intoxicated by its glorious future. Chandra telescopes the past through the present with a series of historical insets into the narrative, reminding readers, as if he were an adept in palmistry, that "the shape of the future" lies "in the lines of the past." The effect of these insets is intrusive and not always satisfactory—they include the story of Sartaj's mother's experience during partition and an oddly moving narrative about Maoist rebels in the countryside—as they clog the novel's narrative pace. But one of these insets, "The Great Game," is exemplary. "The Great Game"—which ostensibly recounts the attempts of Anjali, Sartaj's handler from Indian intelligence, to prize from her dying mentor the real story of the Indian secret state's associations with Gaitonde—is a journey into the splinters of Indian history, a secret index, one might say, of postcolonial India, the creation of its intelligence wings, its secret and not-so-secret wars with Pakistan, China and itself. What we get here is an occult history worthy of Borges. The dying mentor boasts that Anjali "has no choice but to be a realist. I trained her, I taught her tradecraft, analysis, recognition, action. I drew her into the secret world, into our troubles, into the web of secret causes." Readers may never quite recover from these historical depth charges; when we return to the novel's main thread it's as if we can hear the historical tectonic plates shifting beneath Sartaj's and Gaitonde's feet.

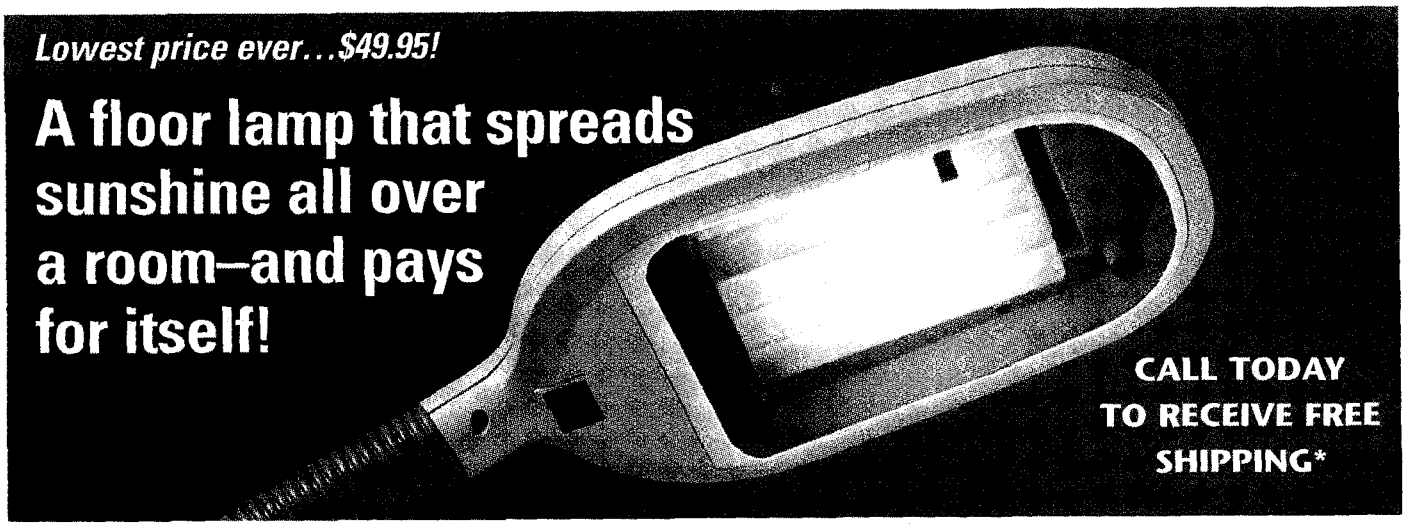
Borges, it could be argued, invented Indian detective fiction in *Ficciones*, in an imaginary review of an imaginary novel, *The Approach to Al-Mu'tasim*, whose imaginary publisher declares it "the first detective novel written by a native of Bombay City." Borges's forte was the *fantastique*: His short stories, even when they followed the rationalist schema of the detective story, were wormholes into an infinite cosmos of parallels, labyrinths and doubles. The traces of the Argentine fabulist's influence in *Sacred Games* are almost too many to enumerate. Gaitonde's final words to Sartaj, "To win is to lose everything, and the game always wins," have such a haunting, metaphysical resonance that you can imagine them coming from the mouth of Dandy Red Scharlach, the gunman in Borges's "Death and the Compass." But it's not just the Borgesian affinities that leap out at the reader of *Sacred Games*; it's that seven decades had to go by before someone wrote the novel that Borges prophesied in his seven-page tale.

Perhaps that explains why the novel is more than 100 times longer than Borges's story: It's making up for lost time. While Bollywood has produced some of the finest gangster films in recent memory, as stylish and earthy as their American and Hong Kong counterparts (notably Ram Gopal Varma's films *Company* and *Satya* and Vishal Bhardwaj's *Maqbool* and *Omkara*), Bombay has suffered an acute shortage of homegrown crime fiction. It's as if Bombay's writers have shunned this city of sprawling crime empires, crowded jails and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lowest price ever...$49.95!

A floor lamp that spreads sunshine all over a room–and pays for itself!



CALL TODAY TO RECEIVE FREE SHIPPING*

The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp combines the benefits of natural daylight indoors with a savings of $77 over the life of one bulb!*

Ever since the first humans built a fire in their dark cave, people have realized the importance of proper indoor lighting. But ever since Edison invented the light bulb, lighting technology has, unfortunately, remained relatively prehistoric.

Modern light fixtures do little to overcome problems associated with improper lighting, such as eyestrain, dryness, and burning. As more and more of us spend longer and longer hours in front of our computer monitor, these problems are compounded. And the effects of improper indoor lighting are not necessarily limited to physical problem: the quantity and quality of light can also play a part in both our mood and work performance.

Studies show that sunshine can both lift your mood and enhance your energy levels. But as we all know, the sun does not always shine. Now, however, there's a solution to the problem–a way to bring the positive benefits associated with natural daylight indoors. The **Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp** will change not only the way you see, but the way you feel about your living and work spaces. It brings the benefits of natural daylight indoors, simulating the full spectrum of daylight.

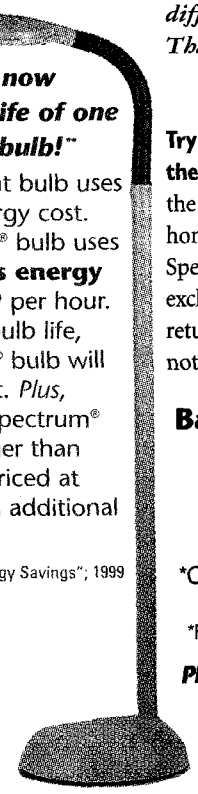
The **Balanced Spectrum's** 27-watt compact bulb is the equivalent of a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. With the lamp's sharp visibility, you will see with more clarity and enjoyment in close tasks such as reading, writing, sewing, and needlepoint. It is especially helpful for aging eyes.

Experience sunshine indoors at the touch of a switch. This amazing lamp is not only easy on the eyes, it is easy on the hands as well, featuring a special "soft-touch, flicker free" rocker switch that is easier to use than tradition toggle or twist switches. And its flexible gooseneck design enables you to get light exactly where you need it. The high-tech electronics, the user-friendly design, and bulb that lasts 10 times longer than an ordinary bulb–all these feature make the **Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp** a must-have.

New longer life bulb now SAVES $77 over the life of one Balanced Spectrum® bulb!*

A 150-watt incandescent bulb uses $0.013 per hour in energy cost. The Balanced Spectrum® bulb uses an average of **70% less energy** which saves you $0.009 per hour. Based on 8,000 hours bulb life, the Balanced Spectrum® bulb will save **$72** in energy cost. *Plus,* because the Balanced Spectrum® bulb lasts 10 times longer than an incandescent bulb priced at an average of $0.50, an additional **$5** savings is realized.

**Source: "Lighting the Way to Energy Savings"; 1999



Height as shown: 50"

"As soon as I turned on the lamp and began to read the newspaper I could see the wonderful difference. This lamp is just what I needed. Thank you so much."

Donna E.
Scranton, PA

Try the Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp for the best value ever! Now more than ever is the time to add sunshine to every room in your home at this fantastic low price! The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp comes with *first*STREET's exclusive guarantee. Try this lamp for 90 days and return it for the product purchase price if not completely satisfied.

Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp
Item# BB-3589 ..... was ~~$59.95~~

Call now for $10 instant savings!

Only $49.95 each + S&H

*Order two Balanced Spectrum® floor lamps and get FREE shipping on both lamps.
*Free shipping within the contiguous 48 states only.

Please mention promotional code 32619.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

1-800-711-8094

We accept all major credit cards, or if you choose, you can pay by check with ClearTran™ over the phone.
To order by mail, please call for details.

www.balancedspectrum.com

*first*STREET®
SEE IT HERE FIRST
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2005 TechnoBrands®, Inc.

41465

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political hucksters of religious and secular stripes. Whatever the reasons, crime fiction with a Bombay or Indian setting was until recently dominated by foreigners like H.R.F. Keating—who didn't visit Bombay until after he wrote the eighth in his delightful series of Inspector Ghote mysteries—and Peter Mann, or the late Bengali director Satyajit Ray, who dabbled in detective fiction for youngsters. *Sacred Games*, a hulking fusion of gangland epic, *roman policier* and mystery thriller, involves a massive mobilization of literary talent and ambition, as if to compensate for India's marginal status in the world of crime fiction.

Despite its intimidating length, *Sacred Games* is not the "baggy monster" that *Red Earth and Pouring Rain* was. Chandra is a much better writer now. Still, a novel of 916 pages (and 1,001 subplots) can't help but fatigue the reader. Even a wonderful Runyonesque figure like Ganesh Gaitonde can end up sounding like a gasbag. And because Sartaj finds himself retracing Gaitonde's steps, the repetition can be wearying. Sometimes the effect of reading the last third of this often brilliant novel is similar to watching the familiar resolution of a James Bond movie. I found myself wishing Chandra had dared to follow the novel's apocalyptic themes to a more apocalyptic conclusion. But even then Chandra pulls off some extraordinary writing. The last hours of Gaitonde's life—his final dialogue with the murdered woman before their deaths, the last of a series of fabulous exchanges between them—are electrifying, a baroque distillation of all that has gone on before. *Sacred Games*'s legacy might prove similar to that of Chandra's brother-in-law's film *Parinda*: By extending the territory of Indian literary fiction, it will allow others to tell crime stories of their own. Chandra's ultimate achievement is both as a genre novelist and as a novelist who uses genre elements. Solving the crime is important, but he also hands us the keys to the city and reveals its sordid mysteries. ■

History Boy

DANIEL SWIFT

HOUSE OF MEETINGS. By Martin Amis. Knopf. 241 pp. $23.

Martin Amis is an artist of airports and transatlantic travel: You can almost smell the duty-free in his prose. His finest novel, *London Fields* (1989), is a mesmerizing epic of lowlife crime and semiprofessional darts, and it opens with the view from the JFK red-eye into Heathrow. "Shaken awake to a sticky bun at 1.30 in the morning, my time," the narrator tells us, "I moved to a window seat and watched through the bright mists the fields forming their regiments, in full parade order, the sad shires, like an army the size of England."

In Amis's new novella, *House of Meetings*, our hero returns to the shuttered home of his nephew, a private in the Soviet army who has just been killed in Afghanistan, and pauses at the door. "You may wonder how I had the leisure to do it," he comments, "but I thought of Wilfred Owen." He then gives a short summary of Owen's famous poem "Anthem for Doomed Youth," a mournful prayer for those young Englishmen dead in the mud of France, unable to hear the "bugles calling for them from sad shires."

Samson Young, the narrator of *London Fields*, is a cynical B-list American novelist who apartment-swaps his way to London to finish his new book. The nameless speaker in *House of Meetings* is an extravagant Russian bruiser who survives a decade in a gulag labor camp and tells of the collapse of his soul through forty years of Soviet history. It may come as a surprise, then, that both should borrow those same "sad shires" from the wistful World War I poet. But Amis's narrators often like to borrow things, literary and material, that aren't strictly theirs: a line of poetry, another man's lover, certain biographical details. His novels usually star a central character who resembles the novelist in age and interests: Charles Highway in *The Rachel Papers* (1973), Xan Meo in *Yellow Dog* (2003), a character called Martin Amis in *Money* (1984). They share a tone of literate distance or, as the Amis stand-in and failed novelist Richard Tull describes his own prose style in *The Information* (1995), a voice that's "urban, erotic and erudite."

Amis is a writer deeply conscious of his literary and social status. He is the son of the famous English comic novelist Kingsley Amis, a fact frequently raised in the great flood of media attention he generates in Britain. The profiles riff on the same material: Kingsley's complicated marital arrangements, Martin's teeth and huge advances, his second wife's big house in the Hamptons, his ease, his patrician charm. Academics ponder his Oedipus complex; the tabloids make the same points in snide asides. "Lucky Martin," they call him, after his father's famous first novel, *Lucky Jim*, or "Smarty Anus." The London *Daily Mail* ran a long, envious account of the launch party for *House of Meetings*.

These are, of course, Amis's own fictional concerns in miniature. *The Information* is an uproarious story of literary envy (involving a character more than a little reminiscent of Amis's estranged friend Julian Barnes), and *Money* is, after all, called *Money*. His novels love little more than a rotting body or a wounded family, and they revel in nicknaming and wordplay. A haircut is, in *Money*, a "rug-rethink"; in *London Fields* a car is an "A-to-B device."

Amis invites the biographical reading: Explicitly in *Experience* (2000), his often lovely and deeply self-indulgent memoir of his relationship with his father, and implicitly throughout his fiction, his writing often hinges on the association of the narrative voice with the actual man. His stand-ins are poised at the edge of self-mockery. In *Money*, "Martin Amis" weeps at the televised coverage of Princess Di's wedding, and in *London Fields*, Samson Young contemplates a possible detour for his career as a novelist. "A think piece, maybe, based on my own experiences," he muses, "a substantial (and publishable?) meditation, extending to some eight or ten thousand words, on the way America has started to fulfil—"

He breaks off here, for the actual Amis did the rest. Between the two novels that made him famous, *Money* and *London Fields*, Amis published *The Moronic Inferno* (1986), a collection of his travel writings about America. The title betrays his prejudice. Faced with success and sympathetic editors, Amis did what any proudly male writer would have done: He toured the trash, wrote what he liked, indulged his obsessions. The book is less travel report-

Daniel Swift has written for Bookforum, *the* New York Times Book Review *and the* Times Literary Supplement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Cruise

ALASKA

Katrina vanden Heuvel
Nation editor and publisher

Victor Navasky
Nation publisher emeritus

Ralph Nader
Consumer advocate, lawyer and author

Rocky Anderson
Mayor of Salt Lake City

Gary Younge
Nation contributing editor and author of *Stranger in a Strange Land*

Liza Featherstone
Nation contributing editor and author of *Selling Women Short*

Doug Henwood
Editor of *Left Business Observer* and author of *After the New Economy*

Mark Hertsgaard
Nation environment correspondent and author of *Earth Odyssey*

Richard Dreyfuss
Academy Award winning actor and education activist

More speakers to be announced

HOLD THE DATE

for The Nation's 10th Annual Seminar Cruise to Alaska
July 28–August 4, 2007
Departing from Seattle

For more information or to book your cruise:
www.nationcruise.com
(888) 833-4339
groups@the-cruise-authority.com

LICENSED TO MNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age than an account of cultural oddity. He writes here like a rhetorical tourist: Isn't the *Playboy* family weird? Ain't Palm Beach the strangest place? Aren't American novelists and Hollywood directors all secret freaks?

Amis always lusted for America. While his characters are deeply English, embedded in the sleazy hierarchies of London pub life and literary snobbery, what they want is America: America is the fetish, the object. Charles Highway, the overwhelmingly precocious narrator of *The Rachel Papers*, knows his way around William Blake and the cafes of London and can talk his way into Oxford, but what he really wants is to sleep with Rachel, the American model. Amis's desire for the United States stretches and distorts his characterization; his plots buckle under the strain of somehow getting the characters on flights to JFK. It is farfetched that an English newspaper would hire an unsuccessful English novelist to write a story about the US book tour of another English novelist, but it is a necessary plot twist in *The Information*. Amis followed that novel with *Night Train* (1997), a police procedural thriller narrated by a female American cop.

Amis made his name writing about English people lusting for America. So what's he doing writing about the gulag and radical Islam?

For a novelist daydreaming about America and obsessed with airplanes, the next step was perhaps inevitable. Amis's fiction and the new American reality coincided. In March 2004, *The New Yorker* published a short story, "In the Palace of the End," about the daily life of the body doubles of the son of a great Arab tyrant, Nadir. In the mornings, the doubles torture "suspects"; in the afternoons, they are filmed having sex with "a series of picked beauties in the Recreation Wing" of the palace. The job, though, has its downside. Due to the frequent assassination attempts upon "Nadir the Next," his body is patterned with scars, and the doubles must permit their own skin to be similarly traced with the writing of violence.

Against the actual evidence of the text, *The New Yorker* presented this story as a parable of Iraq, publishing it next to a defaced mural of Saddam Hussein. This is a shame: The zany mockery of the story drives us into a world of marvelous illogic that outweighs the obvious political application.

The same cannot be said of Amis's follow-up. Also published in *The New Yorker*, in April 2006, "The Last Days of Muhammad Atta" imagines the infamous perpetrator of September 11. As Amis observes, "He was the first person on earth to say it—to say in that way." But all political or theological complexities dissolve, for Amis's Atta is an isolated, maniacally singular figure. "Muhammad Atta wasn't like the others," Amis insists, and presents him as exceptional: Atta's motive, here, is neither a hatred for America nor a love for Islam. His "core reason was of course all the killing," fantasizes Amis, "the putting to death." As such, he is an apostate: a nonbeliever with a headache and a case of bad constipation. "Muhammad Atta was not religious; he was not even especially political," Amis tells us.

This Muhammad Atta shares not only his initials with Martin Amis; he also borrows a vocabulary from the writer. In diagnosing Islamic terrorism as a pathology—"It comes from religious hurt, don't you think?" Atta declares to the cloudy figure of the mastermind Sheikh, "For centuries God has forsaken the believers, and rewarded the infidels"—Atta presents the same ideas that Amis himself aired in the London *Guardian*. "The Age of Horrorism," published on September 10, 2006, was a 12,000-word sermon fusing rich language ("the ears of these young men were still fizzing with the battle cries of molten mullahs") and cheap analysis, while altogether refusing to engage with the historical or political specifics of its subject. Rather than doing any research, Amis apparently Googled a few key terms and lifted his opinions from Bernard Lewis, Malise Ruthven and Gilles Kepel. Like a novel, the essay proceeds by scenes and not arguments; and as in a novel, those scenes are fictional—Amis imagines a conversation between Osama bin Laden and John Walker Lindh. Ideologies become simple characters, and characters are given simple motives. Islamism, therefore, can be judged by a character sketch of one of its founders, Egyptian demagogue Sayyid Qutb, who visited the United States in the late 1940s and was horrified by the godless society he found. As an explanation for the theological innovation of Islamism, Amis hints that Qutb was secretly longing for an American girlfriend.

"The Age of Horrorism" reads like the research notes for "The Last Days of Muhammad Atta." Whereas in the essay, Amis pontificates—"the terrorist, the bringer of death and hate, the death-hate cultist, is in essence the enemy of love"—in the short story Atta "decided that romantic and religious ardour came from contiguous parts of the human being: the parts he didn't have." Just as Amis, in the essay, describes himself bored in the security line at an airport while his daughter's rucksack is searched, so in the story Amis imagines a scene: the naïve airport security agent asking, "Did you pack these bags yourself," and Atta's bored realization: "You mean I have to go through all this again?"

"The Last Days of Muhammad Atta" is an arresting story precisely because it domesticates a great demon, locating the object of so much fear and fantasy in real places—as in a cheap motel room where he cuts himself shaving. The problem is not that Amis has imagined Atta but that he has not imagined him enough. When Shakespeare and Milton came to give words to their great villains, they gave them the best speeches and forced the reader to the edge of sympathy for the devil. There's a marvelous liberty in the language when Iago and Satan speak: They have, quite literally, their way with words. Amis, however, is limited here by what looks awfully like his own prejudices, so his Atta is hellbent on destroying not only the Twin Towers but also the complexity of Islam.

The two *New Yorker* stories were originally scheduled to be published as a collection with *House of Meetings*, and this might have made an intriguing triptych: three men of violence, embodying historical forces, acting within known matrices of morality and conclusion. As so often before, the novella opens with the memory of an airport, in this case Chicago's O'Hare rather than the usual JFK. The narrator is traveling back to Russia on a cruise—"the Gulag tour"—to revisit the Siberian labor camp where he spent the 1940s.

Born in 1919, this man is a palimpsest of Russian history. He served under Marshal Zhukov in the Soviet campaigns of the closing years of World War II and is typically Russian, he tells us, with heavy hands and a "weakness for a humor of squalor and cynicism." He recounts, in chronologically confused chapters, his survival in the gulag and his travels through the country ("my nomadic sabbatical") during the 1950s. We rush through the decades of Russian history. In 1958 he goes to Moscow, where he becomes a televi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion repairman; and then in the late '60s he gets involved in armaments: "rotary launchers for nuclear weapons." He profits on the black market; he has a chauffeur-driven car and an affair with the wife of a British diplomat. The years roll by. His nephew travels to Afghanistan in the war against the mujahedeen. He wears a cashmere overcoat and moves to America, "where I would be rich and free."

This is, at heart, a love story, and America is the object of desire. "The love story is triangular in shape, and the triangle is not equilateral," the narrator informs us, slightly pedantically. The shape is completed by the narrator, his pacifist half-brother Lev and Zoya, the girl they both love. Zoya is lovingly rendered. "She was like an act of civil disobedience," the narrator observes. The two brothers call her "the Americas" in honor of her physique, wasp-waisted and buxom, "the giddy disjunction between north and south, and then the waist, as thin as Panama."

Amis writes like no one else. Most writers use language to tell a story; Amis does the opposite, taking a story as the occasion for a workout with language. His prose is oddly heavy: Noting a cloud, he observes that "its leading edge had a chewed look, and was about to shred or grate itself into rain." Or: "This was the year when the tutelary powers lost their hold on the monopoly of violence. It was a time of spasm savagery, with brute going at bitch and bitch going at brute." The trademarks are violence and assonance, a waywardness with words that is a joy to read. The labor camp is a perfect Amis universe. Like the dowdy London pubs he so lovingly details elsewhere, it is a self-contained world of deeply entrenched power structures, local argot and the constant threat of carnivalesque violence.

Amis is tantalizingly close, here, to a great novel. On the level of the sentence, this book is gold, but taken as a whole it's incoherent. A series of digressions describing the Beslan school massacre of September 2004 serve only the atmosphere, and not the plot. Characters do not develop: Their crises are stage-managed and portentous, their motives obscure. They tend to speak of one another, and think of themselves, as metaphors. We never learn the narrator's name, and he is so puzzled by his own motivation that he gestures constantly at abstract historical forces as a rationale or interpretation. "You can't see yourself in history, but that's where you are, in history," he tells us. "Like many millions of others, I and my brother are characters in a work of social history from below."

History is indeed an implacable force in *House of Meetings*, and it surfaces in a series of awkward footnotes that supply the nicknames by which Russia's leaders are known: "Joseph Vissarionovich is Stalin, leader of Russia, 1928?–53," and "Vladimir Ilich is Lenin."

Amis's evocation of Stalin's terror feels borrowed and abstract—in marked contrast to the ferocious materialism of his earlier novels.

Footnotes imply specialized knowledge. We do not trust unfootnoted historical or scholarly works precisely because we demand expertise: Why read the work of a scholar who knows the same amount as we do? A novel, however, should build a complete world, so the converse is true. A novelist who needs footnotes either has failed to build this fictional zone or doesn't quite trust his reader enough to get it.

Perhaps Amis hopes, but is not sure, that the reader of *House of Meetings* has also read his earlier book about Russian history. *Koba the Dread* (2002) is an unruly, circular and virtually unreadable book, a mix of memoir, literary criticism and half-digested history. As in "The Age of Horrorism," the full extent of his research involves quoting works by serious scholars and historians; and as in the essay, he imagines political history as a story of representative characters. The heart of *Koba* is an obsessive pop psychoanalysis of Stalin's character and individual guilt, rendered novelistically.

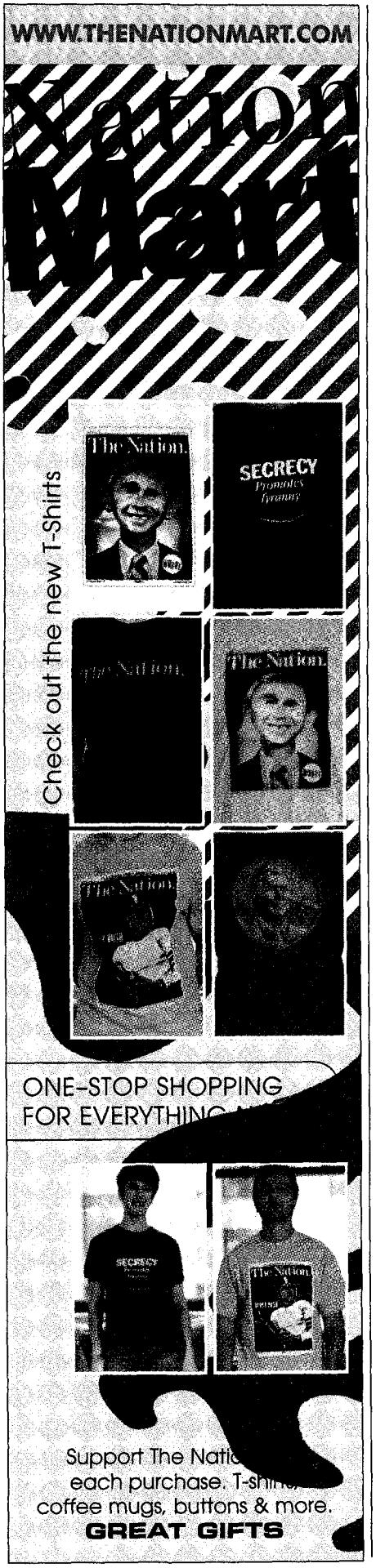
Amis quotes a comment made by Stalin at the funeral of his wife—"She is dead and with her have died my last warm feelings for all human beings"—and continues, "If, in a work of fiction, I were to put those words into the mouth of a character..." before writing an inner monologue for our behalf, using the tools of fiction to detail Stalin's psyche. His urge is always to speculate, even when faced with reliable historical testimony. These bland imaginings, focused exclusively on simple character motives, ignore the compelling complexities available to the historian, or even the historically minded novelist.

The world of *House of Meetings* is neither fully imagined nor archivally researched. The psychic terrors, as well as the day-to-day details, of life in the gulag have already been given in *Koba the Dread*, in quotations from the novels and memoirs of those who spent time there. On the exhaustion of camp labor, Amis quoted Alexandr Solzhenitsyn: "At reveille," wrote the great Russian novelist and gulag survivor, "you yearned with every atom for another half-second of rest." The same trope surfaces in *House of Meetings*, where Amis writes, "It was always: I would give my eyesight for just ten more seconds." The borrowing is oddly tentative—where Solzhenitsyn would trade his entire being for a half-second, Amis's narrator offers only one of his faculties for ten seconds—but it begins to suggest how deeply patterned *House of Meetings* is, and how deeply its imagination relies on the previous experience of others.

The abstraction of *House of Meetings* is in marked contrast to the ferocious materialism of Amis's earlier, better novels. "Call me a literalist, but I'm only doing what Russia is doing," offers the narrator as a rationale for his journey back to the camp and as explanation for his fixation on the violence of history. The weakness of *House of Meetings*, its strange mix of abstraction and literalism, is a double tragedy, for not only does Amis at times write better fiction than anyone else, he also writes better about fiction than most. His reviews and essays on literature—collected in *The War Against Cliché*—are proof of a deep passion for the possibilities of literature, for what it can and cannot give. But when Amis imagines history, his creativity is hampered by the weight of existing facts and writings, as well as by his own prejudices.

Samson Young knew the limits of his chosen genre. "In fiction (rightly so called), people become coherent and intelligible," he observes, "and they aren't like that. We all know they aren't." The joy of reading Amis is always the demented narrative urgency of his narrators, their restless need to tell all. Their internal collapse is the motor for great spasms of language and delusion. They deceive, they manipulate, they tell stories, they love language and they use it. They are, simply, great practitioners of the magic of fiction, and that is why they so often sound like their creator. In the places of his own history Amis is king, but those places are not the historical ideologies of Stalinism or Islamism. Tell us about London fields, Mr. Amis. Tell us about money. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Party Politics

TERRY EAGLETON

DANCING IN THE STREETS: A History of Collective Joy.
By Barbara Ehrenreich. Metropolitan. 321 pp. $26.

Western liberals who are besotted with the Other should read E.M. Forster's mischievous little novel *Where Angels Fear to Tread.* The well-bred young English heroine of this tale runs off with a rather roughneck young Italian, to the horror of her priggish, xenophobic, stiff-necked family. Yet just as the reader is relishing the family's discomfort, an equally discomforting realization begins to dawn. The young Italian turns out to be an appalling brute. The parochially minded prigs were right after all.

Barbara Ehrenreich's *Dancing in the Streets* refuses to fall for the romance of the Other, though its subject—popular festivity versus puritanical order—might well have tempted her to. What we have instead is an admirably lucid, level-headed history of outbreaks of collective joy from Dionysus to the Grateful Dead. It is a book that investigates orgy but declines quite properly to join in. For one thing, it recognizes in its impressively unromantic way that most carnivalesque activity over the centuries has been planned rather than spontaneous, rather as rock concerts are today. For another thing, unlike the more dewy-eyed apostles of dancing in the streets, it recognizes that popular carnival has a darker, violent dimension. In wisely agnostic manner, Ehrenreich refuses to take sides in the debate about whether carnival is a licensed displacement of popular energies ("There is no slander in an allowed fool," remarks Olivia in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*), or whether it is a case of the plebeians rehearsing the uprising.

There is, to be sure, some evidence for the latter view. In eighteenth-century England and Revolutionary France, the masks, indecent parodies, musical cacophonies and outlandish costumes of street festivals often provided a convenient cover for insurrectionary activities. In rural England, the maypole became a political sign as well as a festive one. In France, where the tight-lipped Jacobins denounced popular festivities as barbarous, pigs were dressed as noblemen and monkeys as bishops. Even when it didn't cloak illegal intent, carnival was all about mocking the powerful. At festivals in pre-Famine Ireland, men dressed as nuns and priests would mimic frenetic sexual intercourse, then return meekly to their pious everyday duties.

On the other hand, as Ehrenreich notes, noblemen could sometimes be found pitching in with the populace in the general cavorting, which rather punctures the assumption that the revelers were Bolsheviks with pigs' bladders. On the church-sanctioned Feast of Fools, clergymen themselves would blasphemously burlesque sacred ceremonies. In Britain's annual Notting Hill carnival, the largest in Europe, the police take a break from harassing blacks and Asians and dance genially along with them, no doubt on the express orders of their superior officers.

The roots of carnival run back at least as far as the ancient Greek god Dionysus—an enormously popular figure with hordes of ecstatic, mouth-foaming female followers whom Ehrenreich describes as "the first rock star." ("Fan," of course, derives from "fanatic.") Like Jesus, who as the book illustrates has a dash of the Dionysiac cult about him, Dionysus had a special appeal to women and the poor. Both figures offered ease instead of labor, teaching the sound doctrine that work is the curse of the drinking classes. Ehrenreich sees that this god of wine, dance, song, equality and liberation is a less attractive figure than that alluring list of qualities makes him sound. As she points out, he was a source of both terror and ecstasy, though if she had read a remarkably cheap, extraordinarily illuminating book titled *Holy Terror*, written by the present reviewer, she might have been able to unpack this paradox a little more.

Dionysus is really an early version of the Freudian unconscious, a place of both hideous trauma and bounteous creativity.

Terry Eagleton is professor of cultural theory at the University of Manchester, Britain. His forthcoming book, The Meaning of Life *(Oxford), will be published in March.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He is both Eros and Thanatos, ecstasy and the death drive in a single body. He has the lethally seductive appeal of what Jacques Lacan called *jouissance*, a concept that the late psychoanalyst's representative on Earth, Slavoj Zizek, translates as "obscene enjoyment." It is the fearful pleasure that springs from the dissolution of the ego. Abolishing the divisions between isolated individuals, which is what the Dionysian cult seeks to achieve, involves liberating a blissful force of libido. Yet since this means relaxing the ego's control over the obstreperous id, it also releases a terrifying violence. Dionysus is not only rock star but terrorist. In seeking to suppress Dionysus, however, the pigheaded ruler Pentheus, portrayed in Euripides's play *The Bacchae,* turns into a monstrous mirror image of his enemy. It is a suitable allegory of Bush and bin Laden.

Dancing in the Streets is really a Fall narrative. Once upon a time there was public ecstasy; then capitalism and Calvinism conspired to rout it. Charisma gave way, as it generally does, to bureaucracy. Ecstasy and Enlightenment failed to hit it off. In the eyes of an emergent middle-class order, popular festivity was that most scandalous and opaque of all activities, that which is done purely for its own sake. All over Europe, revelry was stamped on. The Catholic bishops of Ireland, Ehrenreich may be intrigued to hear, refrained from banning Irish dancing, but only because (1) it was patriotic, (2) the dancers keep their arms rigidly by their sides and (3) it is so physically taxing that it leaves you little energy for erotic activity.

Like most Fall fables, this one cuts a few conceptual corners; but it is full of fascinating vignettes all the same. We learn, for example, of the dance mania that gripped parts of Europe in the Middle Ages. In Utrecht 200 people danced on a bridge and refused to stop until it collapsed, drowning all the dancers. Dancing manias in Italy were often blamed on the bite of the tarantula; hence tarantella. As street dancing was censored, a great wave of melancholia—what we would now call depression—swept over Europe from the seventeenth century onward.

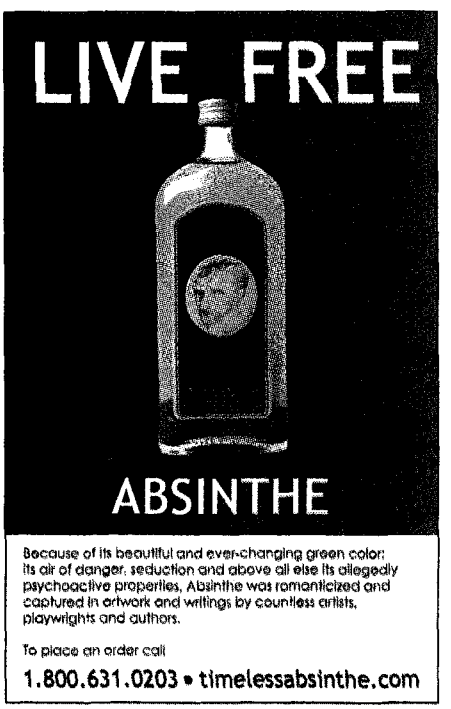
There is a perceptive chapter on how fascist rallies sought to manufacture a vicarious form of collective joy, and an account of how rock music triumphantly succeeded where fascism dismally failed. "That was a real Dionysian festival," remarked one participant of a Grateful Dead concert. Yet the true form of communal festivity of our time is surely sport, to which Ehrenreich devotes her final chapter. She has some interesting things to say about how English football fans in particular have "carnivalized" the game with their painted faces and Bakhtinian brawling; but the point remains largely unconvincing. Sport is one of the most formidable adversaries of the political left, one that offers ordinary people a uniquely powerful alternative to political engagement: cherished traditions, camaraderie, strenuous competition, a glittering pantheon of heroes and heroines, factual erudition, aesthetic appreciation, technical prowess and a good deal more. It is all rather more entrancing than the average cell meeting. The bad news for baseball-loving leftists is that they are going to have to choose...

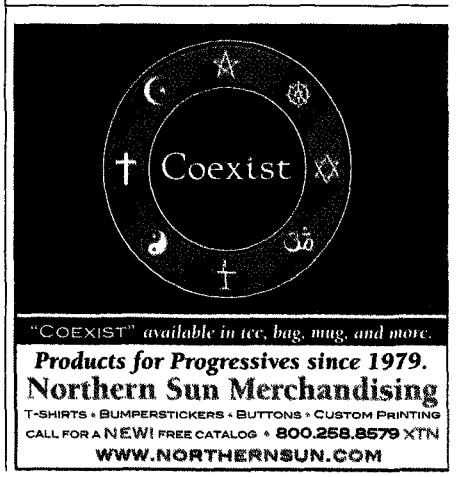
In the end, *Dancing in the Streets* is not just a history of festivity, one that packs a remarkable amount into its relatively slim compass, but a timely political meditation. Ehrenreich has no *Sound of Music* illusions that "hand-holding or choral dancing will bring world peace and environmental healing." Indeed, she rightly sees that "festivities have served at times to befuddle or becalm their celebrants." Yet the absence of such communal affirmation in our cutthroat, atomistic social orders is profoundly disquieting. The French Situationist Guy Debord described late capitalism as the society of the spectacle but also as a society without festivals. One of the few poor parodies of a community on offer today is the family, which as Ehrenreich scornfully observes represents an evolutionary regression: "Humans had the wit and generosity to reach out to unrelated others; hominids huddled with their kin." The more the United States slaughters complete strangers, the more the word "family" becomes a choked sob in its throat.

There are, to be sure, other manufactured forms of community available. In Britain, one of the most noxious is known as the monarchy. In the United States there is a mythical entity known as "America"—a word used far more often in the country than, say, "Wales" is in Wales or "Italy" is in Italy. Above all, of course, there is nationalism, which next to religion is the most powerful, successful form of communality ever invented.

The publicity material for this book speaks of it obtusely as a "deeply optimistic study." (It also refers to men and women united in "joy and exhalation," perhaps with the idea of passing around a joint

SEE RALPH NADER IN NYC JANUARY 31!
"A PROBING AND INFORMATIVE DOCUMENTARY."
A.O. Scott, THE NEW YORK TIMES
OFFICIAL SELECTION SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL 2006
OFFICIAL SELECTION IDA DOCUWEEK FILM FESTIVAL 2006
OFFICIAL SELECTION TORONTO HOT DOCS FILM FESTIVAL 2006
An Unreasonable Man
A Documentary about Ralph Nader
By Henriette Mantel and Steve Skrovan
IFC Films
OPENS JANUARY 31 IN NEW YORK!
www.anunreasonableman.com www.ifcfilms.com


LIVE FREE
ABSINTHE
Because of its beautiful and ever-changing green color; its air of danger, seduction and above all else its allegedly psychoactive properties, Absinthe was romanticized and captured in artwork and writings by countless artists, playwrights and authors.
To place an order call
1.800.631.0203 • timelessabsinthe.com


Coexist
"COEXIST" available in tee, bag, mug, and more.
Products for Progressives since 1979.
Northern Sun Merchandising
T-SHIRTS • BUMPERSTICKERS • BUTTONS • CUSTOM PRINTING
CALL FOR A NEW! FREE CATALOG • 800.258.8579 XTN
WWW.NORTHERNSUN.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in mind.) This is not, quite properly, an optimistic book. For all its grave anxieties, however, it ends on a mutedly positive note. For a traditional combination of festival and political militancy has raised its head again in our own time, and its name is the antiglobalization movement. Whatever other complaints one may have about it, it doesn't lack a sense of humor. And whatever qualities one might praise in the Jacobins or Bolsheviks, a sensuous joy in life is certainly not among them. ■

FILMS

Factory Girl

STUART KLAWANS

CHINA BLUE

If the globalized labor market is as good for people as its advocates claim, then why must films about globalized workers be shot on the sly? Stephanie Black and Maryse Alberti were able to record their documentary *H-2 Worker* (1990) only by sneaking around the prisonlike barracks of the Florida cane fields. When David Redmon asked too many questions of the bead factory workers he was profiling in *Mardi Gras: Made in China* (2005), he got booted out of Fuzhou province. Now comes Micha Peled, who had to smuggle a video camera into China piece by piece and then reassemble it in Shaxi, home of cheap denim fabrication, so nobody in authority would know he was making *China Blue*.

Now enjoying its New York theatrical premiere after many festival screenings—it's at Anthology Film Archives through February 1—*China Blue* shows what life is like for Jasmine and Orchid, teenagers who sew jeans day and night at the Lifeng factory in Shaxi. To insinuate himself into the Lifeng compound, Peled persuaded the owner that he was shooting an homage to China's new entrepreneurs. (Peled kept up the pretense by assembling a promotional DVD for Lifeng, using the most cheerful of his footage.) Meanwhile, as the boss was being sweet-talked, associate producer and sound recordist Song Chen gained the confidence of Jasmine, Orchid and other factory girls by taking up residence in the Lifeng dormitory, where employees sleep twelve to a room (when they sleep at all).

The film that emerged from this chicanery turns out to be surprisingly fair-minded. Granted, it gives its heart and soul to the girls, who come by the millions from the countryside, bringing nothing with them but little zippered suitcases, middle-school educations and enough physical resilience to doze with their eyes open (a trick they manage by fixing plastic clothespins onto their eyelids to avoid being docked for sleeping on the job). But *China Blue* also extends some sympathy to Guo Xi Lam, the factory owner who opened Lifeng to the film crew. A man with the bluff, voluble manner of a cop (he was, in fact, the police chief of Shaxi) Lam boasts of having worked his way up in the world but nevertheless must scramble to meet his customers' demands. Buyers from abroad—America, France, Britain—are forever insisting on lower unit costs and shorter delivery schedules. Lam knows of no way to satisfy these requirements except to squeeze his workers even harder.

Nobody in this world—not you, me, Thomas Friedman or the next girl to come off a Sichuan farm—would want to labor under the conditions you find at Lifeng. Overtime, which is obligatory, can stretch a shift to twenty hours. Break time is used for chores, such as laundry (which the girls wash by hand in plastic buckets). If a girl wants a bucket of hot water, she pays the factory. If she snatches an unauthorized break, she pays the factory. When she gets her meals from the commissary, she pays the factory, then carries the food back to her crowded dorm, since there's no place to sit except on her bunk. Work must be done as quickly as possible, with scowling supervisors looking on; but payday is slow to come. Because Lam has cash-flow problems, he reckons up salaries only when he's flush, or when the exhausted girls threaten to stop working just before an important order is due. Then, days or even weeks behind schedule, the bank notes are finally counted out—though not for the novice of the story, Jasmine. It's customary to hold back a new girl's first pay, to insure that she won't leave the factory.

You might think Lam would have wanted to conceal these details; but he granted the crew such freedom to roam that Peled even got to stage some scenes, right on the factory floor. The use of these re-enactments (recognizable by their cross-cutting) doesn't strike me as significant in itself, since documentarians have been patching semifictional moments into their films ever since Flaherty made *Nanook of the North*. The stagings are noteworthy, rather, for the added evidence they provide of Lam's booming self-confidence. Whether speaking before Peled's camera or letting others do so, he behaves like a man whose actions are all praiseworthy; and in Shaxi, he might well have believed so. As a commentator from a Chinese labor institute explains in *China Blue*, Lam treats his workers better than most factory owners do.

Peled didn't need to include this bit of exculpatory testimony, but he used it anyway, doing justice to the man who'd made his film possible. No matter. Over the course of *China Blue*'s much-interrupted production, Peled and his crew were still subjected to arrest and interrogation. The police confiscated much of their footage, and they intimidated one of the original interview subjects so thoroughly that she refused to go on with the film. What's strange about this bullying, in Peled's account, is that Lam had nothing to do with it. Apart from an incident in which the police stopped Peled from filming a strike—an intervention you can understand, if not justify—he ran into trouble only for his actions far away from Shaxi's factories. His crew was busted twice for filming scenes of rural life in the native villages of workers.

Well, village cops often have time on their hands. But they also have a sense of their bosses' sensitivities and so must have felt that foreigners are not welcome to film the premodern areas of China, which both feed the modern, globalized cities and are fed by them. Most of the girls in *China Blue* manage to send money back to the villages. That's why they're in the factory in the first place: not to pursue opportunities for themselves (since the opportunities are scant), not to enjoy the excitement of city life (since they rarely go into the city), but to help support their rural families. I think the guardians of China's public image (and the apologists for globalization) must find it shame-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful that these city workers remain tied to the countryside, even at a distance of hundreds of miles. The fatigue, the boredom, the wretched pay, the pinched living conditions, all could be excused if the workers had a little money left over each month to invest in their futures. Then they'd be poster girls for a new urban middle class. But on the evidence of *China Blue*, any surplus they have goes back to the land of hand plows and poultry yards.

For this reason, the worst scandal exposed in *China Blue* might not be the underpayment of the factory girls, relative to the profits made by Western jeans importers. The dirtiest secret might not be the treatment of these workers, or even the endlessness of the supply of young women. (Where do they go, you wonder, after they've turned 21?) The fact that had to be suppressed, evidently, was simply the humanity of Jasmine and Orchid, who persist in being more than mere economic pass-throughs.

Orchid teaches the other girls in the dormitory how to dance, and splurges on hot water to shampoo her hair, and goes out at midnight to see a boyfriend she intends to marry. Jasmine laughs at the size of the jeans she makes (who on earth has a waist that big?) and sits up late keeping a diary, excerpts of which help to structure *China Blue*. Jasmine also likes to write stories that concern someone much like herself: a poor girl who left her village to study kung fu, and who will return soon with magical powers to save her entire family.

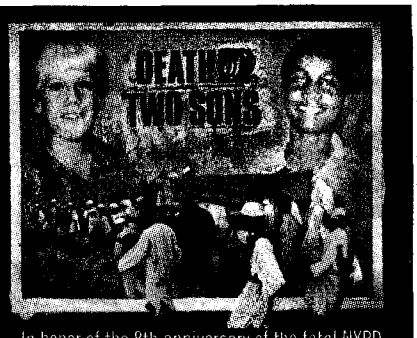
If the global labor market were as good as its advocates claim, Jasmine wouldn't need to acquire magical powers. She could use the ones she's already got.

Screening schedule: While *China Blue* is having its New York run, Anthology Film Archives will surround it with the equivalent of a small but strange documentary festival featuring nonfiction films by Lynne Sachs and Kazuo Hara.

The Sachs series, titled "I Am Not a War Photographer," runs January 26–28 and focuses on her meditative, essayistic films about armed conflict: in Israel and Palestine, in the former Yugoslavia and in Vietnam. Among the works to be shown are *States of Unbelonging* (made in collaboration with Nir Zats), an uneasy exchange of video-letters about murder, mourning and filmmaking on the edge of the West Bank; *Which Way Is East* (made in collaboration with Dana Sachs), an expressively beautiful diary of a trip from Ho Chi Minh City to Hanoi; and *Investigation of a Flame*, a montage of interviews, archival footage and symbolic imagery that gives density and weight to contemporary recollections of 1968 and the Catonsville Nine protest, in which antiwar activists seized and burned Selective Service records.

Also on the Anthology schedule, from January 31 through February 4: a retrospective of the few but outrageous documentaries of Kazuo Hara. Not to be missed: *The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On* (1987), Hara's portrait of World War II veteran Kenzo Okuzaki, who dedicated himself to disrupting as many public occasions as possible with his shouted denunciations of imperial tradition, military honor and official Japanese history. His reason for being so upset? Okuzaki said his fellow soldiers had been killed and eaten by their officers. Shohei Imamura helped produce the film. As Larry Kardish of the Museum of Modern Art once remarked, you could almost believe Imamura had made it up.

Short take: Written and directed by Nick Cassavetes, based on one of those newspaper articles that lay open an abyss of criminal idiocy, *Alpha Dog* is the almost true story of a small bunch of Southern California drug dealers and the teenage boy they took hostage against repayment of a debt. The milieu was moneyed and white; the gangsta style, strictly wannabe; the ultimate violence, all too real. Cassavetes frames this tale with sadly nostalgic home videos of the characters as small boys, and with faux-documentary interviews with some of their parents (played by Bruce Willis and Sharon Stone). The theme, then, is supposed to be one of innocence lost and youth neglected or misled. The method, though, is full-tilt, careening Act-o-Rama. Ben Foster, as the raging debtor, deploys a technique that's as vivid as his body art. Emile Hirsch, as the fatally obtuse creditor, swaggers and poses with all the bravado of a guy who secretly worries his jeans might fall down. Like everyone in the large cast of scenery chewers, they're memorable. But the heart of the film—true to the ostensible theme—belongs to Anton Yelchin as the abducted kid and Justin Timberlake as his reluctant baby sitter. These two convey a harmlessness that makes the film's climax credible, and as awful as it should be. "You know I would never hurt you," a weepy Timberlake tells his captive—and you see that, on some level, this dimwit believes he's telling the truth. ■



In honor of the 8th anniversary of the fatal NYPD shooting of Amadou Diallo, Madame Kadiatou Diallo and The Honorable David N. Dinkins will host a special screening of the award winning documentary film
Death of Two Sons
THE STORY OF AMADOU DIALLO AND JESSE THYNE
A documentary film by Micah Schaffer
Produced by Alrick Brown
Friday February 2, 7 9 pm at
Riverside Church Assembly Hall,
91 Claremont Avenue (between 120 and 122nd Streets)
Morningside Heights, New York, NY (212) 870-6700

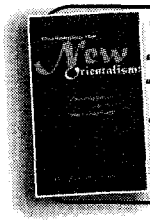
THE ROBERT F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL PRESENTS
Robert Kennedy Remembered
A moving Academy Award® winning documentary film tribute to a man who had hoped to win the presidency.
Now available on DVD and VHS
$100 or $75 tax deductible donation. Your contribution assists courageous human rights defenders around the world.

Produced by
Guggenheim Productions, Inc.
Washington, DC
Robert F. Kennedy Memorial
A non profit and living memorial dedicated to human rights and social justice
www.rfkmemorial.org/shop

THROUGH

Re-discover Nat Turner's legacy and his impact on American history.
Six-day interactive tour
takes you to key historical sites including:
Washington D.C., Richmond, Southampton,
Monticello, & Mount Vernon.
August 17 - 22, 2007
$1,300 - NatTurnerTours.com (323) 662-9926

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHALLENGING THE NEW ORIENTALISM:
Dissenting Essays on the "War Against Islam" by M. Shahid Alam
"...informed by deep understanding..." – Noam Chomsky
"...highly cogent, enlightening and liberating..." – Pervez Manzoor
Sale $13.95 (866) 297-2307
www.islampub.com

Audubon's Owls On Display/Sale In February
Historic! A First!
The Snowy Owl, the Great Horned Owl, the Little Screech Owl...all 14 of them.
The Palmer House Cafe/Gallery
Rensselaerville, NY 12147
518.797.3449 (call for hours)
www.audubonoctavos.com

baby bush voodoo dolls For Sale!!!
Including:
Dick Cheney
& Condelezza Rice
$10 for one
$15 for two
$25 for three
To Buy send Request
+check or Money Order
Amelia Brown PO Box 922
Kingston WA 98346

EVENTS

INTERNATIONAL

Dubrovnik, Croatia

■ Transforming Culture: From Empire to Earth Community. June 3–9, Dubrovnik, Croatia. Since the 2007 Praxis conference will be held in Europe, we will highlight some of the most advanced examples of cultural transformation and sustainability that are being practiced and developed in Europe today. From the Mondragon Cooperatives in Spain to alternative energy in Denmark, we will showcase projects that demonstrate seventh-generation, life-affirming values. The conference will feature outstanding thinkers and doers, practical workshops, networking, small group cafe discussions and even vacation time in one of the world's most beautiful sites. Speakers are being invited now. Some early confirmations: David Korten, Hazel Henderson, Thom Hartmann, Riane Eisler, Johan Galtung, Lorin Hollander, European members of Parliament and more. More information is available on our website: www.praxispeace.org—click on Dubrovnik Conference '07.

NATIONAL

■ War and Global Capitalism. Unemployment and Recession. For speakers and resources on these and related topics, contact Economy Connection, a project of the Union for Radical Political Economics. We can provide speakers for formal or informal events sponsored by community groups, unions, high schools, colleges or political organizations. Our speakers can talk about wealth and poverty, and the economic forces that generate increasing income inequality, between and within countries. They can cut through the confusing terminology that is used to prevent ordinary, intelligent people (with and without college degrees) from understanding and participating in discussions on the policies that affect our lives. Tell us what you need and we will look for a speaker who is right for you. Contact us at (201) 792-7459 or soapbox@comcast.net. JOIN URPE! Contact www.urpe.org, 413-577-0806, URPE@labornet.org.

NEW YORK

Noam Chomsky

■ An intimate evening of hope and inspiration. "For Us, For Nicaragua," with Noam Chomsky. Saturday, February 17, 4 PM. Private reception at the home of Carole and Saul Zabar on West End Avenue. Tickets are $200 and are fully tax-deductible to the extent allowable by law. All funds go to Dos Pueblos: New York-Tipitapa Sister City Project to support social, health, educational and labor organizing projects in Nicaragua in solidarity with our partner nongovernmental organization in Tipitapa. To purchase tickets online (no service charge) go to: www.tipitapa.org. Or send check to Dos Pueblos, 2576 Broadway, #305; New York, NY 10025. E-mail: chomskyevent@tipitapa.org. (646) 610-2215.

MDS/SDS Convention

■ February 17, New School, 9 AM to 7 PM. First National Convention of the Movement for a Democratic Society, a celebration of young people's revolt past and present in the face of global crisis, and of the 39th anniversary of the Columbia University Occupation. Speakers include Tariq Ali, Mark Rudd, Manning Marable, Jayne Cortez, Barbara Ehrenreich, Judith Malina, Leonard Weinglass and activists from today's MDS/SDS chapters. Simultaneous SDS Northeast regional conference. All-day discussions, workshops, entertainment and fundraiser for the new movement. Free to all, register as member online at movementforademocraticsociety.org, or show up. Auspices: New School SDS.

Chomsky/Ehrenreich

■ Join Noam Chomsky and Barbara Ehrenreich at "Justice Beyond Borders," February 16–18, Bayard Rustin HS in New York, NY. Hosted by Young Democratic Socialists, the youth section of DSA, this conference will provide a chance for young leftists and progressive activists to strategize, bond and learn from one another and from veteran activists. Registration fees (youth): $25 pre-registration, $30 door; pre-registration strongly encouraged. Information and to register: www.ydsusa.org or (212) 727-8610.

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday. Rates: $210 for 50 words; $260 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) $2.00 each. To place an ad, call Leigh at (212) 209-5414.

Classified

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ANCIENT SECRETS

PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL. Scholarly booklet conclusively proves Flavius Josephus (Romans) created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. Amazing but absolutely incontrovertible! $10: Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064. For details: SASE.

BLOGS/WEB

WWW.SAGACIOUS-SMARTASS.COM.

STUDENTS—looking for a good study break? Visit *The Nation*'s new student web page at www.thenation.com/student. Here you can catch up on news from campuses around the country, request free magazines for your student events, contribute to a weekly online discussion board about controversial issues, read student-related *Nation* articles and keep abreast of upcoming *Nation*-sponsored student conferences, contests and public engagements.

PSYCHIC? WHY NOT RICH TOO? www.Pixwit.com.

WWW.FAMOUSWELSH.COM. www.jonesnyhistory.com.

BOOKS

BOTH TIMES IN BLOOD by Lynn Capehart. A dynamic woman gets abducted, seduced and shot at. Fun exotic read. www.lulu.com.

CAN'T FIGURE BUSH OUT? Read *The Death and Ascension of Calvin C.* by SM Nona. (888) 232-4444. www.trafford.com/06-0347.

COURT-MARTIAL ADVOCATE

WWW.COURTMARTIALATTORNEY.COM.

EDUCATION

ENGLISH TUTORING, progressive/environmental activist, 30 years San Francisco area, California Credential, excellent references. www.tutoringtotheleft.com. (650) 992-4550. jimlecuyer@sbcglobal.net.

HOLISTIC HEALTH

AIR & WATER PURIFIERS, ionizers, germ masks, solar ovens, heaters, survival products and more. Free shipping. www.eHealthSupplies.com.

LIBERAL LIAISONS

FiftyPlusConnect.com
Find a date, travel partner, activity partner, e-pal or more. Sign up now. (800) 343-7074.

GREENSINGLES.COM—Free photo ads for progressive singles in the environmental, vegetarian and animal rights communities. Searchable listings for friendship, dating, marriage. Since 1985. www.GreenSingles.com.

SENSUAL, STYLISH PHONE CONVERSATIONS with intelligence, humor and élan. Unrestricted, guaranteed discretion. Alexis (781) 581-9598.

EROTIC ADULT PHONE CONVERSATION with sensual, intelligent women. Any topic welcome! VISA/MC/AMEX. Call (888) 495-8255.

TAWNY FORD. Exquisitely erotic conversation. Live, personal, unhurried. (248) 615-1300. Credit cards, prepay. www.tawnyford.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

LIBERAL LIAISONS

YOUR SECRET is our secret. www.Secretsphonesex.com, (800) 344-2019.

FETISHES AND FANTASIES fulfilled. Hot erotic talk with creative, sensuous woman. No limits. Personal, confidential. Call (866) 844-8286.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, INTELLECTUAL WITH FLASHES OF HIP. Passionate gardener but drawn to New York City's energy. Loving parent, soon grandparent. Christian but scratch divinity nonsense. Wary of gay ghettos. Seeking attractive lady kindred spirit who reads books. Reply Nation Box 430.

THOUGHTFUL, CARING FEMALE LEFTY (from the days when left was voting for Adlai Stevenson, not John Kerry), hoping for someone to spend time with over a glass of wine, dinner, the theater... not a big deal. Just a nice time. Reply Nation Box 387.

LIVELY BEAUTY, 47, openhearted native NY-er living in Chicago, well-traveled, well-educated, not jaded, seeks smart sexy guy 45–55 for skiing, biking, cooking and celebrating with family, friends, teens, pets. If not now, when? Reply Nation Box 432.

NYC-BASED EUROPEAN-BORN LADY would like to meet gentleman 58–65 for a serious long-term relationship. English is not my native language. Reply Nation Box 431.

36-YEAR-OLD MAN, incarcerated nineteen years, locked in but not locked out, thoughtful, sensitive, good listener seeking attractive, intelligent, warm-hearted lady for correspondence or more. Robert Webster #88B2162, PO Box 4000, Stormville, NY 12582.

FEMALE ARTIST & POET. 50s, UWS, seeks serious, long-term relationship with a man who loves art and appreciates sharing all that is beautiful. Prefer someone in Manhattan. Age not important. Reply Nation Box 433.

If responding to a Nation Box number, send replies to: Nation Box ___, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

MERCHANDISE

SUPPORT *THE NATION* AND OUR NATION! Shop online at www.thenationmart.com and exercise subtle and not-so-subtle dissent. Most items are union-made. Great gifts!

talk back tees

Liberal quotations, aphorisms and wit on colorful, cotton tees. $10.99 each. talkbacktees.com (800) 777-9242

EXPRESS YOURSELF! Stickers, shirts, buttons, emblems and more—www.EvolveFISH.com. (800) 386-5846 for catalogue or to order now.

METALLURGY

BROKEN ARROWS, personal treasures, sentimental notions and flights of whimsy repaired, restored, rendered and recreated. Bentforms (215) 969-1772. www.bentforms.com.

NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES

THE FICTIONAL NEW TESTAMENT'S IMPACT. Recognition of the fictional New Testament will have three major areas of impact. Pragmateia replaces religious faith. New Testament morality, without theology, appeals to pragmatists. Evangelical voter support of the War Party drastically declines. A conspiracy headed by Dio Chrysostom wrote our Holy Scriptures. FVB's 45-page newsletter tells the story. Rush copy, $10. FVB, PO Box 2753, North Canton, OH 44720.

ORGANIZATIONS

DOVER, DELAWARE *Nation* discussion group is forming. Contact Bruce Dudley if interested, (302) 697-6057.

POLICY

HACKING? DIRTY TRICKS? DESTROYED COMPUTERS? MURDERS? Nothing will stop the truth. We're still here: AbolishTheCIA.org.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

READY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY/CHALLENGE OF A LIFETIME? Private group seeks to hire a person of true excellence, social entrepreneur and business visionary possessing rigorous ethics, exceptional initiative and creativity to help establish an organization that will revolutionize the way Americans eat and think about their food and community. Initial commitment will be for one year. New York location. Please send letter of intent and CV to Common Mess, c/o 61 Associates, Suite 1413, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10118.

RECEPTIONIST/BUSINESS ASSISTANT. *The Nation* magazine seeks a full-time receptionist/business assistant. Duties include answering phones and greeting guests, mail support, database maintenance (knowledge of Raiser's Edge a plus), order processing and fulfillment, customer service and general clerical support as needed. Excellent organizational and communication skills essential. Familiarity with database programs, Word and Excel preferred. Good salary and excellent benefits package. People of color and minorities are strongly encouraged to apply. Send résumé to job@thenation.com or mail to: Receptionist, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. Fax: (212) 982-9000. No phone calls.

SEEKING SENIOR EDITOR. *The Nation*, the national political weekly, seeks a Senior Editor with deep experience, vision and excellent editing skills. Ideal candidate will have broad familiarity with politics and with the progressive community and media (including online). Applicant should work well under tight deadline pressure. Located in our downtown New York City office, the position offers excellent benefits and a congenial work atmosphere. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer. People of color and other minorities strongly encouraged to apply. E-mail résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to: editjob@thenation.com. No calls please.

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR. *The Nation* magazine is seeking an organized media junkie with progressive politics, boundless energy and a keen entrepreneurial instinct to oversee and implement the publicity and syndication responsibilities for America's oldest weekly magazine. The ideal candidate will be detail-oriented, comfortable with tight deadline pressure, possess strong verbal and writing skills, be familiar with the media landscape and the blogosphere, and have a minimum of three to five years of experience working in publicity or communications. Located in our New York City office, the position offers excellent benefits and a congenial work atmosphere. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer. E-mail résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to: pubjob@thenation.com. No calls, please.

***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

***THE NATION* SEEKS** a part-time Administrative Assistant for advertising department. Must have excellent telephone and e-mail communication skills and strong attention to detail. Prepare weekly invoice and issue mailings; produce advertising reports and targeted promotional mailings; provide general office support (filing, copying, etc). Research skills and knowledge of Excel, Filemaker and Word very helpful. Located in our downtown New York City office, the position offers excellent benefits and a congenial work atmosphere. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer. People of color and other minorities strongly encouraged to apply. E-mail résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to adjob@thenation.com.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

AT LAST. ONE SOURCE for progressive job listings, publishing twice each month. www.changeworks.org. (866) 276-7201.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHOTHERAPIST: treats depression, anxiety, relationship issues, crises and trauma. Consultation available. CC accepted. Paula Holt, LCSW, www.paulabranchholt.com. (415) 289-6990.

EXPERIENCED PSYCHOANALYST also working with couples and families. Approach is psychodynamic but also eclectic. San Francisco and Marin. CA-PSY11249. Kristine Pfleiderer, DMH. (415) 563-8207.

CHICAGO PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 22 years, all issues including depression, anxiety, relationships, concerns of artists, academics and students. Sliding scale, insurance. Deborah Hellerstein, LCSW, (312) 409-9516.

DOWNTOWN NEW YORK THERAPIST. Life with its discontents. Artists, activists, academics and all. Robert McVey, C.S.W. (212) 330-7114.

REAL ESTATE

SANTA FE. Progressive Realtor® seeks same in clients. Peter Kahn, Santa Fe Properties. (800) 374-2931 toll free. (505) 690-4840 mobile or peter.kahn@santafeproperties.com.

LOS ANGELES/SOUTH BAY PROGRESSIVE REALTOR seeks progressive clients. Phil Lucero with TRG. (310) 722-5067. phil_lucero@msn.com.

ALBUQUERQUE REALTOR. Sustainable. Home. Community. Paul Chavez, EcoBroker® with Earth Origins Realty LLC. (866) 688-1228, paul@earthoriginsrealty.com.

COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA. Realtor offers free lists of Spacecoast Properties. Exit Island and Beach Realty. (321) 403-3333. Pat@Patsuit.com or www.PatSuit.com.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD $4.10/word, 15-word minimum; PO Box and telephone numbers count as two words.

Buy 4 runs, pay $3.85 per word
Buy 10 runs, pay $3.70 per word
Buy 24 runs, pay $3.15 per word
Buy 47 runs, pay $2.60 per word

Logos: We will print your logo and center the headline of your advertisement for an additional fee of $50/insertion. Maximum size for a logo is 2 1/4″ wide by 1/2″ deep. EPS logo should accompany ad copy and payment.

Deadline: Tuesday, 3 PM, 10 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in US currency or major credit card must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for __ insertions at $_____ / word rate.

"Personals" advertisers: Be sure to include $45 for Nation Box number/forwarding service.

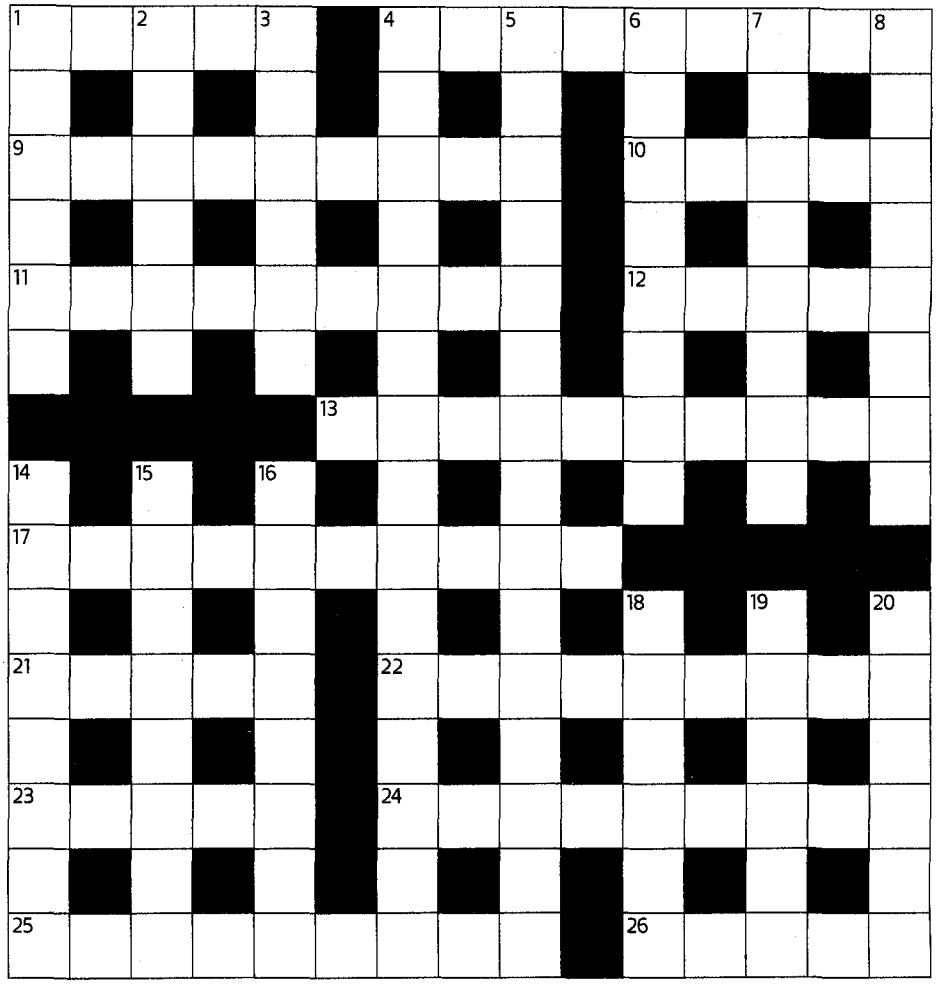
For all ads please include your name, address and contact phone number with your ad. You can fax your classifieds to us at (212) 982-9000 or e-mail leigh@thenation.com.

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.
The Nation, Classified Department,
33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUZZLE NO. 3068

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and **12** The Dickens dwelling was extremely cold, but sort of able to start kind of like this...(5,5)

4 ...also sort of more attached to legal authority, and an Ethiopian princess. (9)

9 They are similar in form and composition to untidy rooms in a shipwreck. (9)

10 The seat of learning that presented *Hair* in certain groups. (5)

11 A slightly difficult clue, with one partner for the evening having to explain things. (9)

12 See 1 across

13 A flower of London that has a snaky appearance. (10)

17 Morpheus doesn't welcome such into his arms, but as an icon, man is a different proposition. (10)

21 Make things dim for the French in a sort of watering hole. (5)

22 Adopt as a son, classically, or just bring into close connection. (9)

23 Has a leaning toward things that do a lot of itemizing. (5)

24 Feeling poorly, with American charged particles of things that don't really exist. (9)

25 Something you're sure of, with just a tiny trace of trouble. (9)

26 A backward pose for a really fabulous creator! (5)

DOWN

1 Might they be getting hitched up as second-class attractions at the amusement park? (6)

2 Not the first book coming out. (6)

3 It makes porcelain with the design of a tree and nothing else coming up. (6)

4 It involves putting the letters in proper order. (15)

5 Just the opposite of how some people sign their letters. (15)

6 Put more polish on than others, with a bright outlook. (8)

7 These involve noxious vapors in a coming-out affair. (8)

8 Existed in a sandstorm, and picked up when someone called. (8)

14 Help comes up, when what some say to a goose gets half-licked—being a bit devilish. (8)

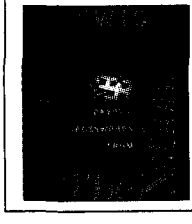
15 His ratings may be made public, being something like donkeys, to a point, alternatively. (8)

16 It's a heavenly drink in the morning, when the little brothers have a first-class comeuppance. (8)

18 Different version of a psalm that may be given to the wounded. (6)

19 They might not be helpful in wild waters and strormy oceans. (6)

20 Gets ready to drive, and sort of puts a couple of points inside. (4,2)



AVAILABLE NOW from **Nation Books!** A new collection of Frank W. Lewis classics!!

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our website at www.thenation.com/about/crossword.mhtml.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3067

W	H	I	P	P	E	R	S		D		A		C	
R		N		A		E		N	A	P	P	E	R	S
E	N	T	I	C	I	N	G		V		R		I	
C		E		E		O		S	I	R	O	C	C	O
K	I	N	G	S		W	I	N	D	U	P		K	
I		D				N		A		G	O	F	E	R
N	I	E	C	E	S		R	I	N	G	S		T	
G		D		N		W		L		E		M		M
	R		S	T	O	O	P		A	D	V	I	S	E
S	A	T	Y	R		R		E				S		A
	C		N	A	P	K	I	N		C	U	T	I	N
O	C	T	O	P	U	S		O		R		R		D
	O		D		N		S	U	R	E	F	I	R	E
G	O	L	I	A	T	H		G		W		A		R
	N		C		S		W	H	I	S	T	L	E	S

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It doesn't play games, take pictures or give you the weather.

Introducing the Jitterbug. Simply designed to be the best telephone a cell phone can be. Nothing more. And nothing less. With service as low as $10 a Month.* The world is complicated enough. Now there's a cell phone that makes life simple.

Questions about Jitterbug? Try our pre-recorded Jitterbug Toll-Free Hotline **1-800-230-9045**.

- The sound is loud and clear
- A soft ear cushion makes it easy to hear
- The screen is bright and easy to use
- The phone fits in the palm of your hand
  Open size approx. 2 1/4" x 7 1/2"
- Unique 'Yes/No' buttons access every feature, even voicemail
- The buttons are bigger and backlit
- Dial "0" for a 24-hour Jitterbug operator

Call Now
1-866-540-0299
Mention promotional code 32620.
Item# BU-4722

jitterbug™
brought to you by
SAMSUNG
firstSTREET for Boomers and Beyond®
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

IMPORTANT CONSUMER INFORMATION: Subject to Customer Agreement, select calling plans and credit approval. Early termination fee, other charges and restrictions apply. Screen images simulated. Offer coverage and service not available everywhere. While supplies last. Shipping charges may apply. *Not including government taxes, assessment surcharges, and activation fee. Limited-time offer from GreatCall. ©2007 GreatCall, Inc. Jitterbug and GreatCall are trademarks of GreatCall, Inc. Samsung is a registered trademark of Samsung Electronics America, Inc. and its related entities.

47231

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

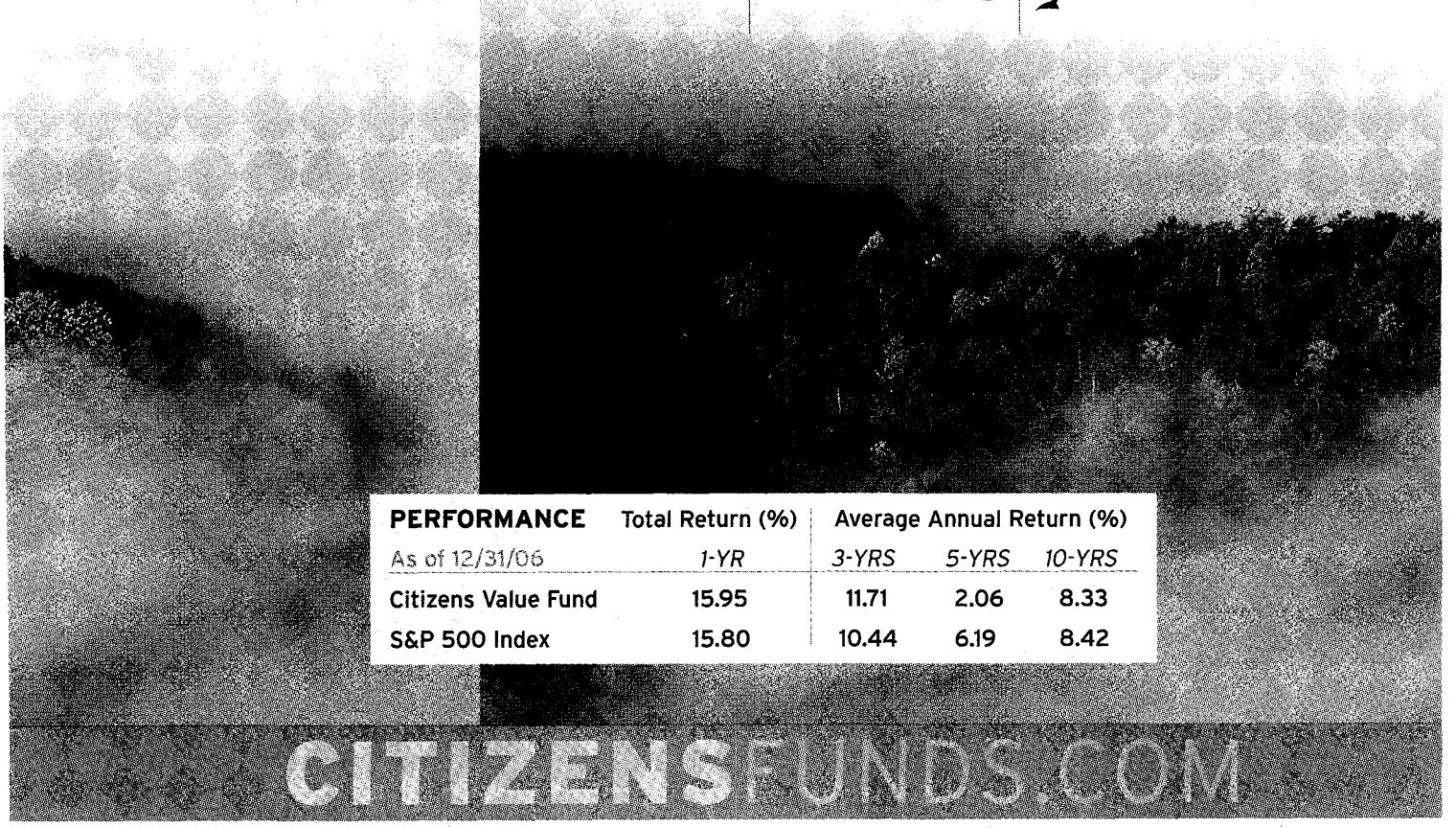
LOOKING FOR AN INVESTMENT OPTION THAT MAY BE SUITABLE FOI
YOUR RETIREMENT PLAN ROLLOVER OR IRA ACCOUNT? TAKE A LOOK AT

CITIZENS VALUE FUND

Citizens Value Fund (MYPVX) is backed by 25-years of socially responsible investing, experienced and dedicated portfolio management, a commitment to seek competitive long-term results, integrated in-house research and knowledgeable and helpful service.

To open your Citizens Funds account today, call **800.223.7010** or visit **www.citizensfunds.com.**

CITIZENS | FUNDS



PERFORMANCE	Total Return (%)	Average Annual Return (%)		
As of 12/31/06	1-YR	3-YRS	5-YRS	10-YRS
Citizens Value Fund	15.95	11.71	2.06	8.33
S&P 500 Index	15.80	10.44	6.19	8.42

Data presented reflects past performance, which is no guarantee of future results. Current performance may be lower or higher than the performance data quoted. Performance data current to the most recent month end may be obtained online at www.citizensfunds.com. Performance data includes that of the Meyers Pride Value Fund, established on June 13, 1996 (fund's inception date), which contributed its portfolio securities in exchange for Standard shares of Citizens Value Fund on September 24 2001. Stock values fluctuate in response to individual company actions, as well as general economic, political and market conditio Value stocks may fall or remain flat if certain conditions or investor perceptions do not change as expected, or if the companies prove not to be underpriced. The investment return and principal value of an investment will fluctuate so that an investor's shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost. The investment adviser has agreed to contractually limit fees and expenses through June 30, 2007, without which returns would have been lower. The S&P 500 Index is an unmanaged index comprised of 500 common stocks chosen for market size, liquidity and industry group representation. Direct investment cannot b made in this index.

Please consider the investment objectives, risks, charges and expenses of Citizens Funds carefully before investing. For this and other information, please call 800.223.7010 or visit www.citizensfunds.com for a free prospectus and read it carefully before investing. *Distributed by Citizens Securities, Inc.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED